

The **NEW** **BLUE BEETLE** Comics

MAY • • No. 21

10¢

THRILLS

BROUGHT TO
YOU BY THE
BLUE BEETLE!

READ
"WING
LEE"

The AMAZING
BOY PATRIOT
OF CHINA

LAUGH
WITH THE

MIS-ADVENTURES
OF

ALI-BABA

PLUS

MANY OTHER
EXCITING
FEATURES

!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

---YA SEE I USED TO BE A WHARF RAT ---
A SMALL TIME PUNK WHO DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'
TO NOBODY-NOT EVEN DE OTHER BUMS WHO
HUNG OUT ON DE DOCKS--JUST NO GOOD--A
DIRTY LITTLE WEASEL WIT NO BRAINS AND
LESS MUSCLE-NOT EVEN ALLOWED TO EARN A
HONEST DOLLAR WIT GOLDONI'S STICKUP MOB

G'WAN YA PUNK-SCRAM!
DE BOSS WANTS MEN ON
HIS JOBS,BEAT IT WEASEL



ALWAYS DEY WAS PUSHIN' ME AROUND. I WAS
GETTIN' AWFUL SICK OF IT-DE CONSTITUTION
SAYS EVERY MUG-IS GOT A RIGHT TO MAKE A
LIVIN' EVEN A WEASEL LIKE ME ----

DE DOITY SO AND SO'S,
I'LL SHOW DEM- DEY
AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY
WIT DAT NO MORE -
I'LL SHOW 'EM--I GOT
IDEAS-DAT'S WHAT.



YEAH-I HAD IDEAS-DERE WAS AN ANTIQUE SHOP RUN
BY A HINDOO OVER NEAR DE HUB-WIT A LOT OF
EXPENSIVE JUNK DAT I COULD GET RID OF- SO I
DECIDED TO DO A JOB ON ME OWN ---

OKAY,GUNGA DIN,TAKE
IT EASY AN' YU' WON'T
GET HOIT--DIS IS A
STICK-UP!



I PACKED EVERYTHING-DAT LOOKED
GOOD INTO A SACK-TO TELL DE
TRUTH,I WAS KINDA NOIVISS- ME
FOIST JOB YU KNOW AND DEN I SAW

HEY! WHAT'S DAT?
IN DE FANCY BOTTLE
LOOKS LIKE ---

NO-NO-NO!
DO NOT TOUCH
IT-IT'S-IT'S
D'JINNA--



D'GIN EH! JUST
WHAT I NEED TO
BOLSTER ME COURAGE.

NO! STOP!
OH H H H

GLUG
GLUG
GLUG



DEN IT HAPPENED! DE NEXT THING I KNEW
I WAS SITTING ON DE FLOOR-GREEN
SMOKE WAS POURIN' OUT A ME MOUT-I WAS
SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF-AND DE ROOM WAS SPIN-
NIN' LIKE I WAS ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND!



WHAT DID YOU? WHY DID YOU
DRINK IT? YOU FOOL! YOU'VE
SWALLOWED MY MOST
PRECIOUS TREASURE!

SO WHAT?
DIDN'T YU.
TELL ME IT
WAS GIN?
I LIKE GIN!

FOOL! IDIOT! DON'T SAY
GIN! I SAID D-J-I-N-N-A
A GENIE! A BLACK
EVIL GENIE --
THOUSANDS OF
YEARS OLD AND
NOW IT IS EN-
CASED IN YOUR
BODY!

YOU ARE ITS MASTER
NOW, BUT WOE UNTO YOU IF
YOU RELEASE IT FROM
YOUR BODY.
IT WILL OVERPOWER
AND DESTROY YOUR
VERY SOUL.
I WARN YOU!

YU MEAN I GOT ONE
OF DEM GIANTS LIKE
IN DE FAIRY TALES?
DAT ANYTING I
WISHES FOR I GETS?

YES, YOU HAVE
BUT TO COMMAND
AND THE GENIE
OBEYS. HE IS
YOUR SLAVE!

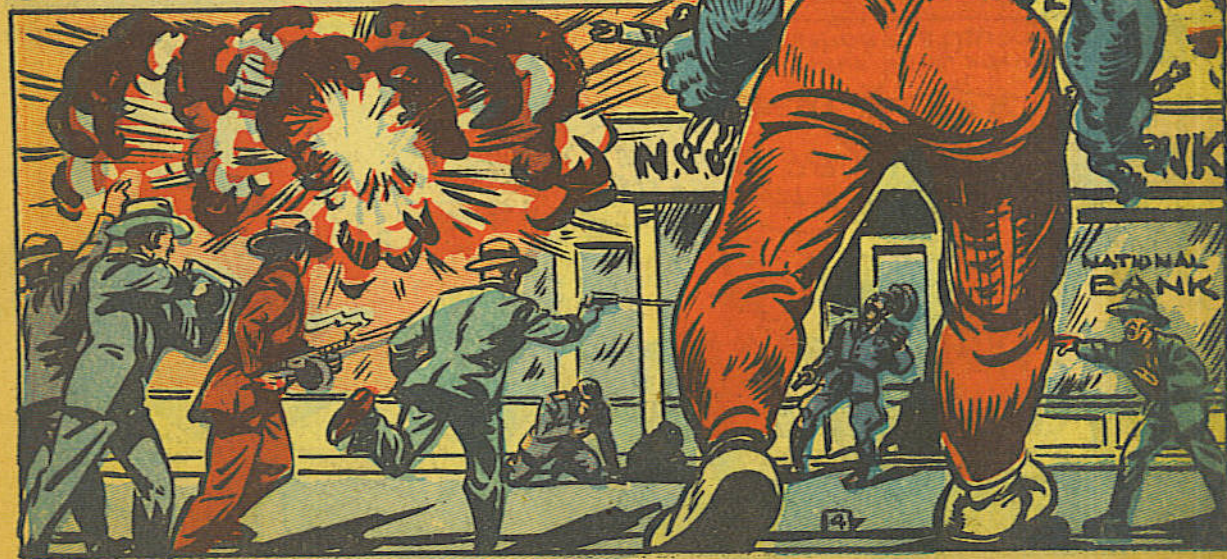
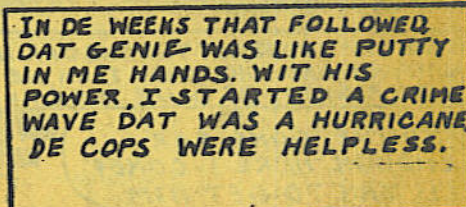
HOLY SMOKE! BOY
OH BOYS! IMAGINE
ME OWNING A
GENIE!
I KIN DO ANY-
TING. OKAY, BOSS
COLDONI, I'LL SHOW
YOU, HERE I
COME!

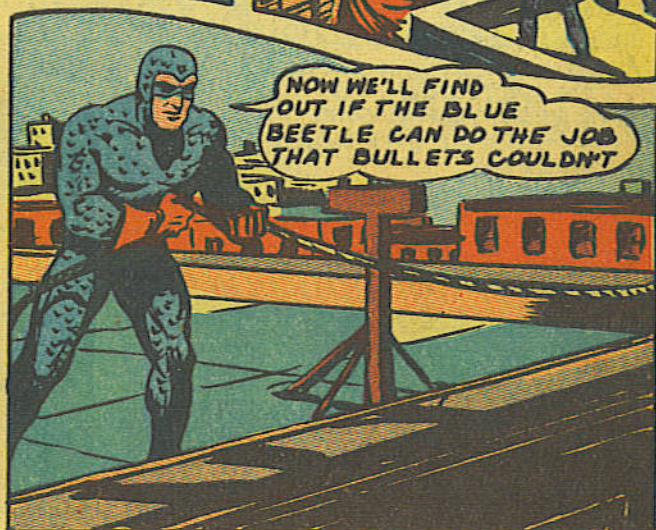
AN DAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED
DAT I GOT A GIANT'S POWERS
DAT MADE ME A BIG SHOT.
AND BOSS COLDONI NEVER
KNEW HOW IT HAPPENED DAT DAY
WHEN HE WAS SITTING WID HIS
GANG IN HIS HANGOUT.

C'MON, OUTA ME WAY, MUGS, I'M TAKIN'
OVER HERE, SEE-- FROM NOW ON, I'M
GIVIN' ORDERS!

HEY!

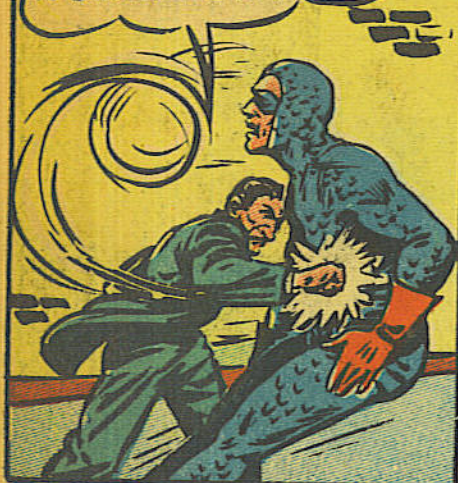
WHAT! WHY
IT'S DAT PUNK
WILLIE THE
WEASEL!
TROW DAT
RAT OUT!







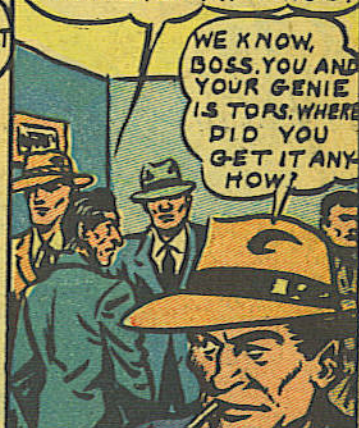
NOW SEE HOW I CAN HIT WHEN THE POWER OF ME GENIE IS BACKIN' ME UP!



SO LONG, BEETLE, COME AROUND AGAIN WHEN YOU WANT ANOTHER GOOD SOCK IN THE BREAD BASKET!



ALL RIGHT, YU MUGS, NOW DAT YER ALL MAKIN' BIG-DOUGH DONT BE GETTIN' ANY BIG-IDEAS. REMEMBER I'M STILL RUNNIN' TINGS!



NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, YU GET YOUR SHARE, SO BE SMART AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN OR ELSE ----



OH YEAH? I FORGOT TO TELL YA-- I HAD A RUN IN WIT DE BLUE BEETLE TODAY AND I LET HIM GO!

YOU WHAT! DE BLUE BEETLE? GEE, BOSS, YA MADE A MISTAKE. YOU SHOULDA RUBBED HIM OUT!



HA-HA-HA! WHAT FOR? DAT JOIK AINT DANGEROUS. I CAN TWIST HIM AROUND ME LITTLE FINGER. BESIDES I LIKE A LITTLE COMPETITION!



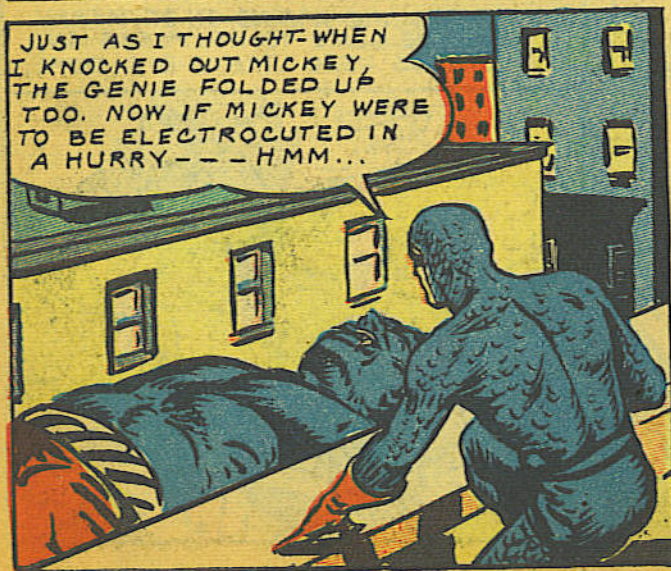
AND TONIGHT WE'RE GOIN' BACK AND TAKE ANNUDER CRACK IN DAT BANK IN DE SECTION WHERE HE HANGS OUT!



AND DAT WAS ME BIGGEST MISTAKE ----

OH! I BET THAT THAT'S WILLIE THE WEASEL AND HIS GANG- BACK AG-AIN! OKAY, CHUMP, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

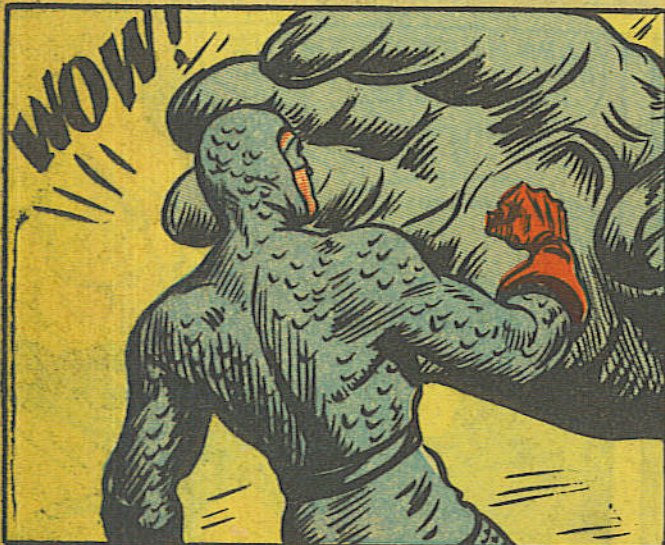
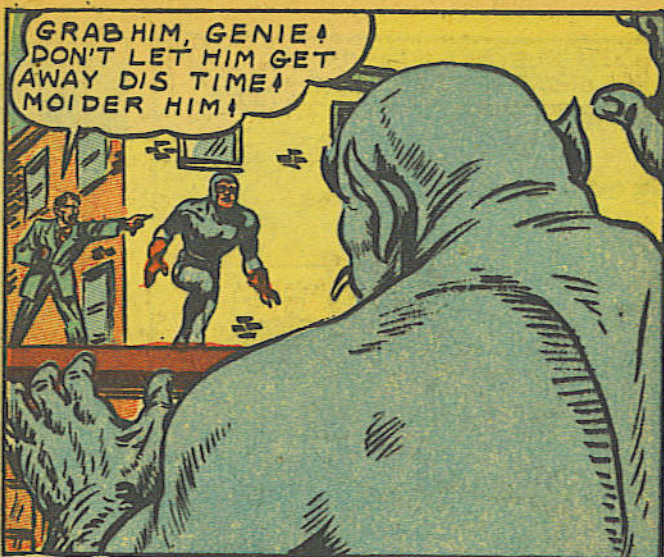




HE'S STIRRING.
HE'S GETTING UP. I GET IT
WILLIE MUST BE REGAINING
CONSCIOUSNESS.



GRAB HIM, GENIE!
DON'T LET HIM GET
AWAY DIS TIME!
MOIDER HIM!



AS GENIE'S HAND WAS JUST ABOUT
TO CATCH HIM, HE BOUNCES OUT
OF DE WAY LIKE A CAT AND DEN-

OH NO, YOU
DON'T!



HE SLUGS ME SMACK ON DE KISSER!



WIT ME REELING AROUND ON DE MERRY-
GO-ROUND, DE GENIE IS HELPLESS AND
JUST STANDS DERE LIKE A BIG-DOPE.



DEN THE BLUE BEETLE GRABS ME AND GIVES ME THE BUSINESS!

ORDER HIM TO GET SMALL QUICK OR I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK.

OKAY!
OKAY!
GET SMALL,
GENIE,
GET SMALL!



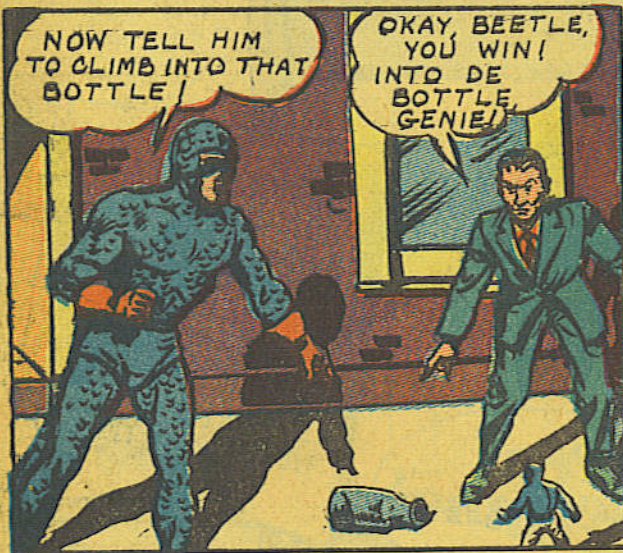
AS WE DASHES DOWN DE STAIRS, DE BLUE BEETLE PICKS UP A MILK BOTTLE -

OH BOY, JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.



NOW TELL HIM TO CLIMB INTO THAT BOTTLE!

OKAY, BEETLE,
YOU WIN!
INTO DE
BOTTLE,
GENIE!



AS SOON AS THE GENIE IS IN THE BOTTLE DE BEETLE WADS DE NECK WIT PAPER.

WELL, THAT'S THAT!
WILLIE, NOW WE'RE
GOING PLACES.



AWW!
DE POOR
GENIE!

AND DAT'S HOW IT ALL HAPPENED. IF IT WASN'T FOR DE BLUE BEETLE, I'D STILL BE A BIG SHOT AND WOULDN'T HAVE GOT DE CHAIR AND LANDED HERE IN HADES. AND IF ANYONE ASKS YOU WHAT'S COOKIN', TELL 'EM IT'S ME --- O-W-W!



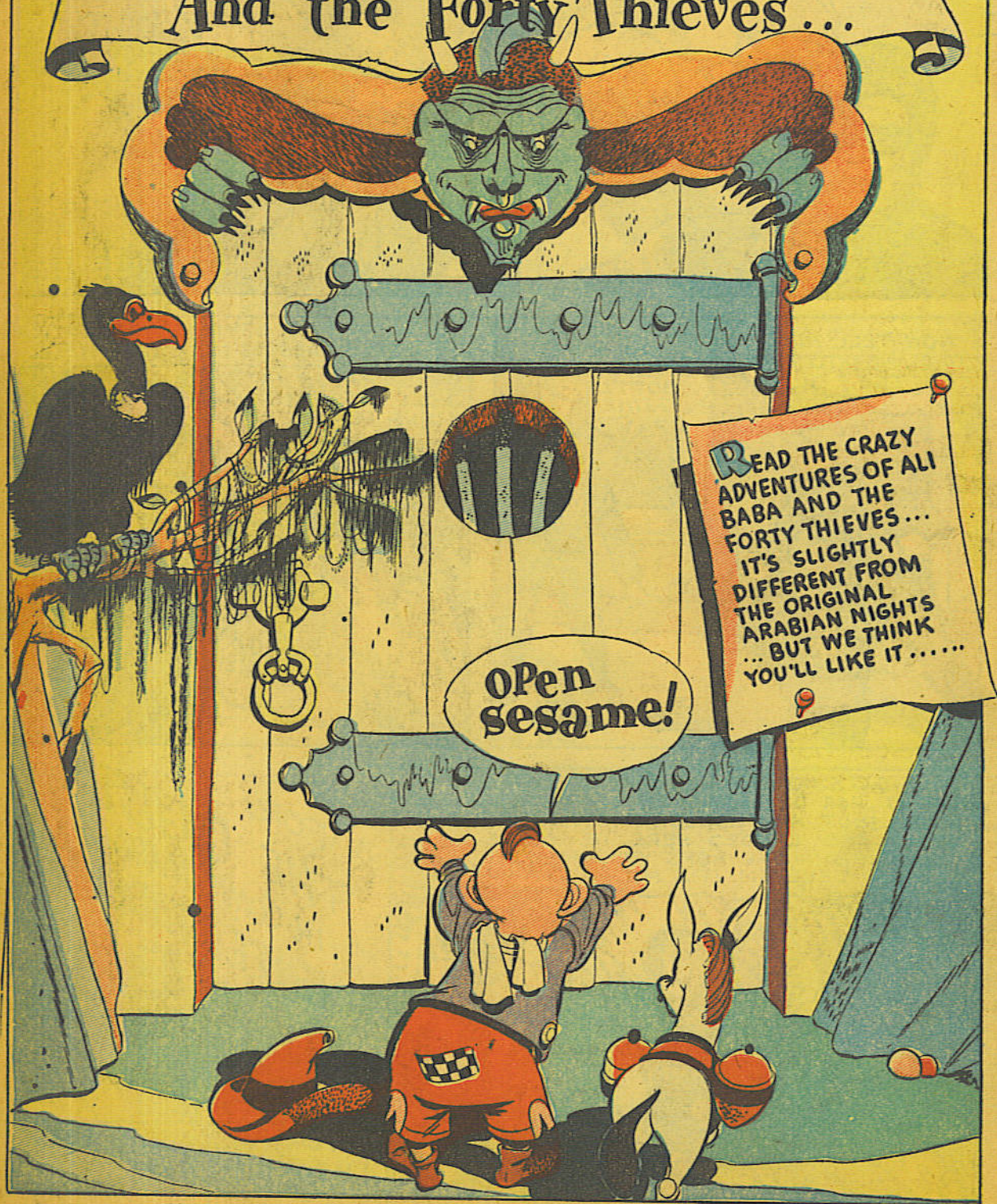
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FOR
THE **BEST**
IN COMIC MAGAZINE
ENTERTAINMENT
= **BUY**

BLUE BEETLE
comics

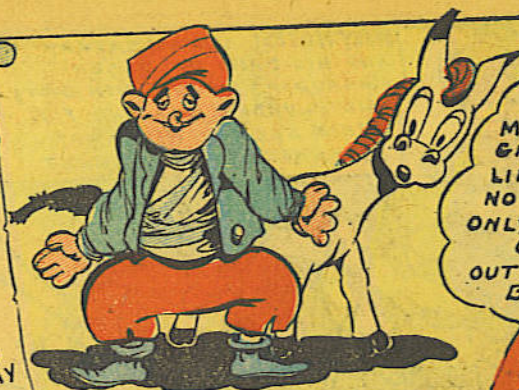
FOR VICTORY, BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ALI BABA

And the Forty Thieves...



ACCORDING TO SHAHRAZAD, THE ANCIENT STORY TELLER, ALI BABA MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE - IT SEEMS HE GOT MARRIED. SHE WAS A SHREW WITH AN ACIDIOUS TONGUE WHO GAVE HIM NO PEACE. ALL DAY LONG IT WAS BLA, BLA, BLA!



THIS IS ALI BABA THE ONE WITH THE TURBAN ... THE INTELLIGENT LOOKING BEAST IS MUHRAD, A DONKEY, ALI'S CONSTANT COMPANION.

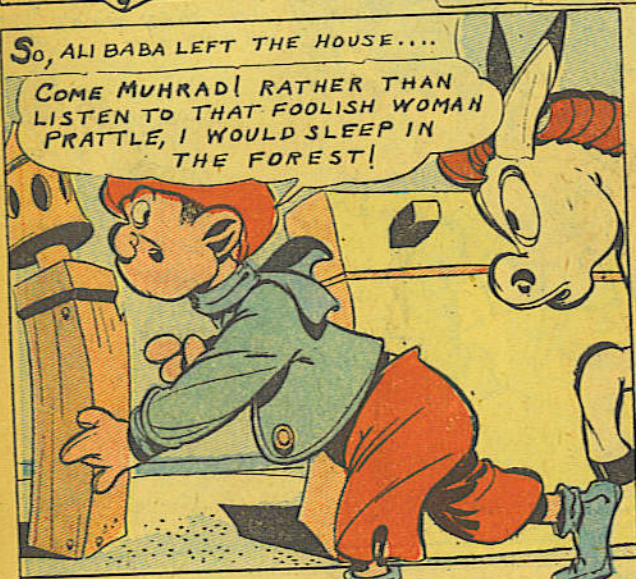
AND THIS... THIS IS TUITTI, ALI BABA'S WIFE.

YOU WORM! WHEN I MARRIED YOU, I MADE THE GREATEST MISTAKE IN MY LIFE... NOW LOOK AT ME... NO FINE CLOTHES, NOTHING BUT MISERY AND POVERTY. OH! WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT AND MAKE SOME MONEY! BLA, BLA, BLA!

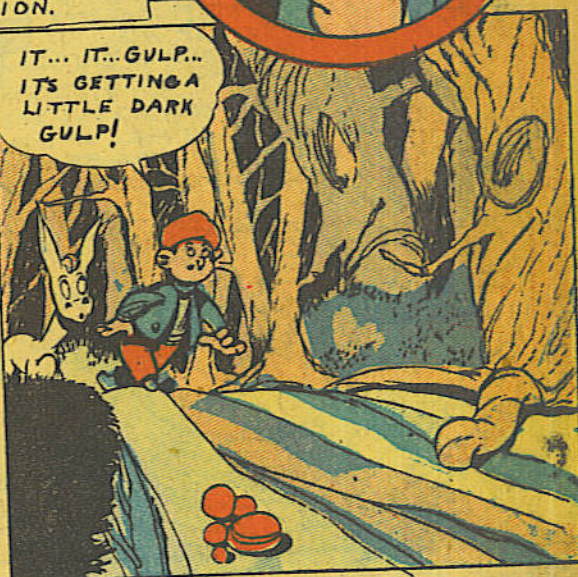


SO, ALI BABA LEFT THE HOUSE...

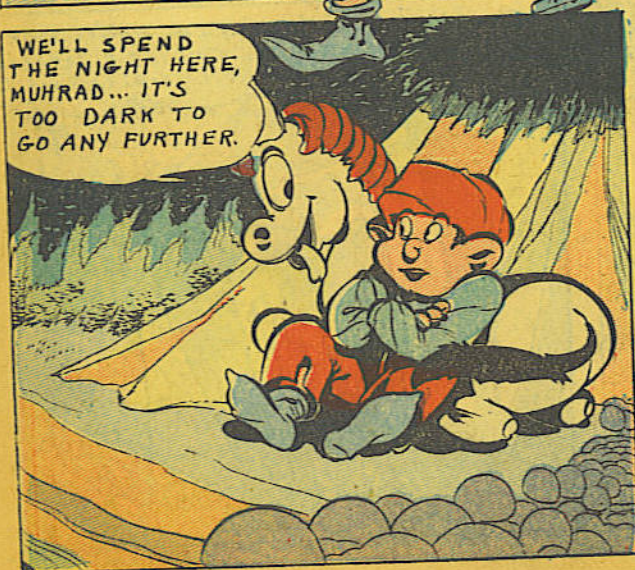
COME MUHRAD! RATHER THAN LISTEN TO THAT FOOLISH WOMAN PRATTLE, I WOULD SLEEP IN THE FOREST!



IT... IT... GULP... IT'S GETTING A LITTLE DARK GULP!

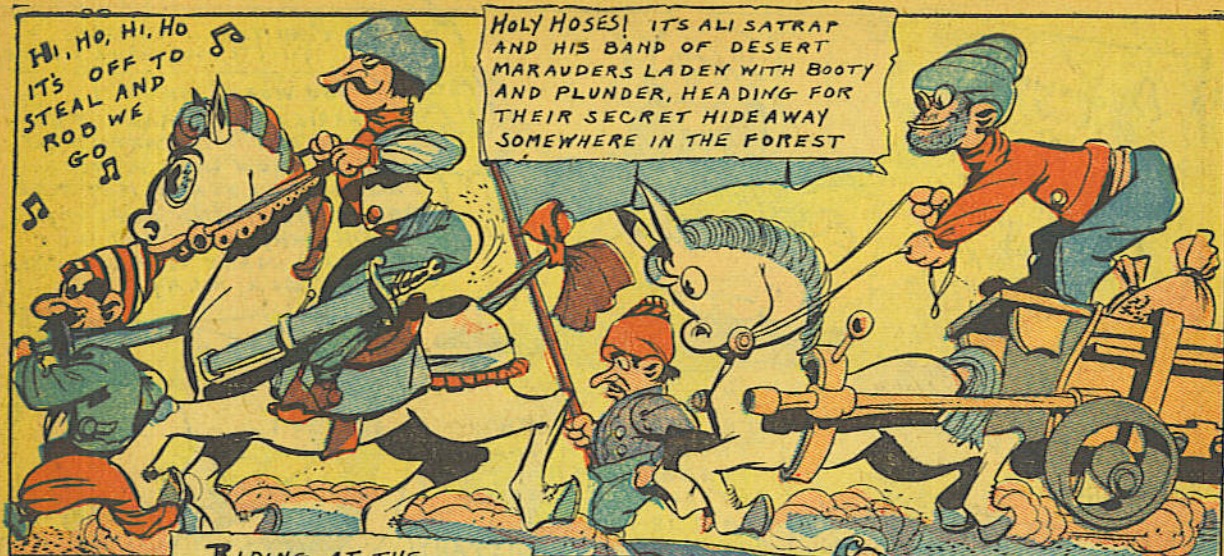


WE'LL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, MUHRAD... IT'S TOO DARK TO GO ANY FURTHER.



WHILE ALI BABA AND MUHRAD ARE SLEEPING, LET'S LOOK IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

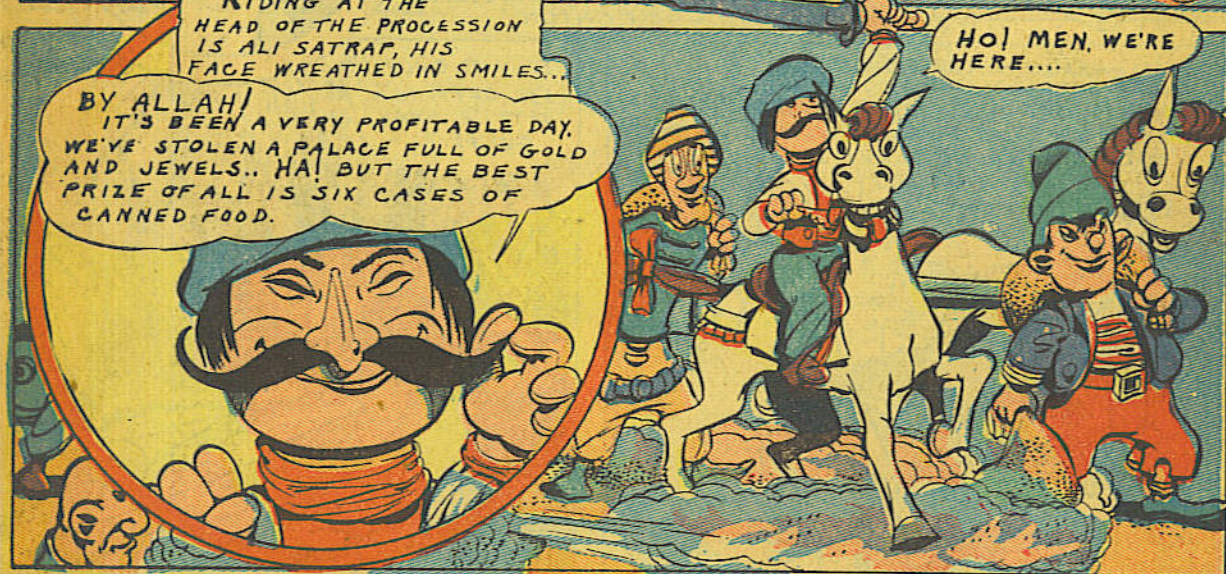




RIDING AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION IS ALI SATRAP, HIS FACE WREATHED IN SMILES...

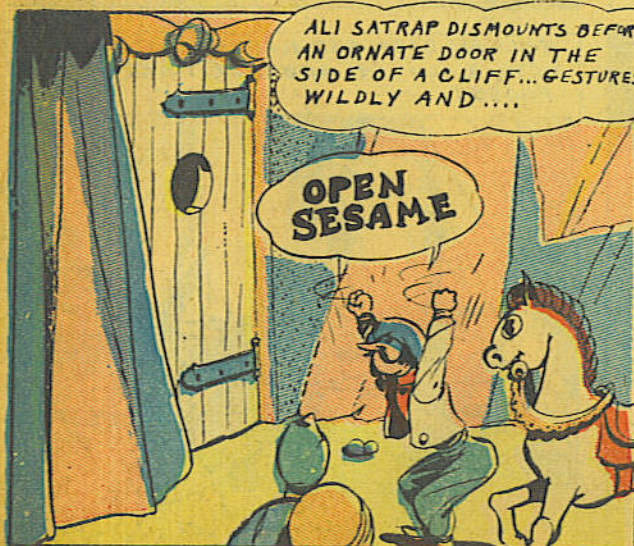
BY ALLAH!
IT'S BEEN A VERY PROFITABLE DAY.
WE'VE STOLEN A PALACE FULL OF GOLD AND JEWELS.. HA! BUT THE BEST PRIZE OF ALL IS SIX CASES OF CANNED FOOD.

HO! MEN, WE'RE HERE...



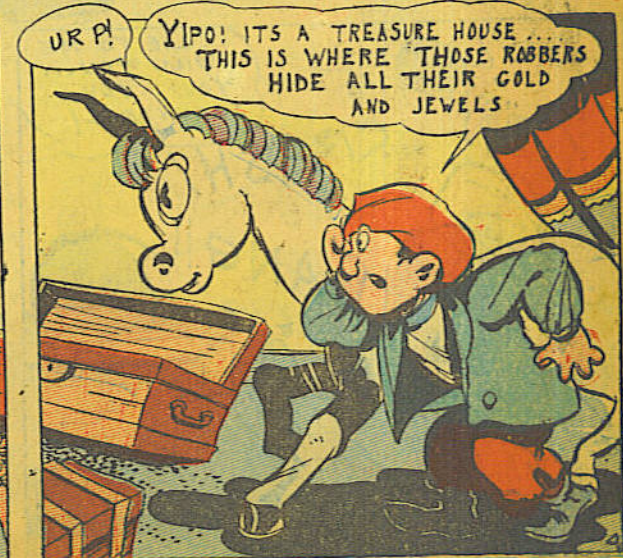
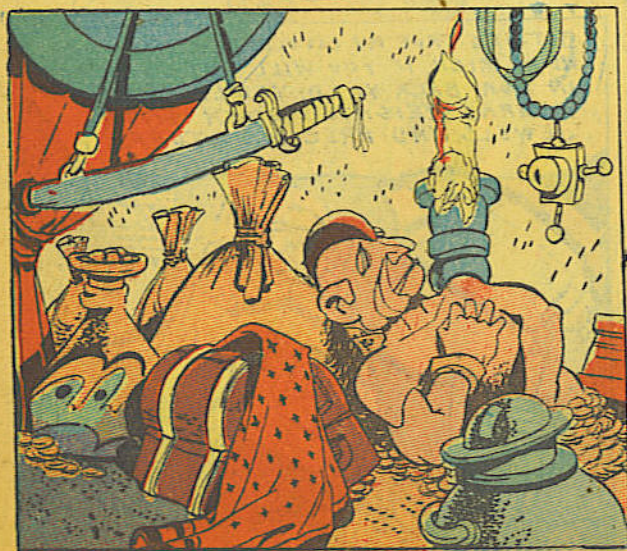
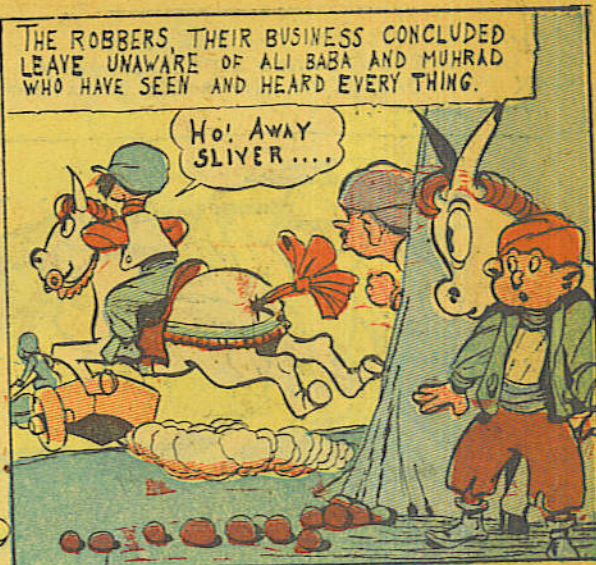
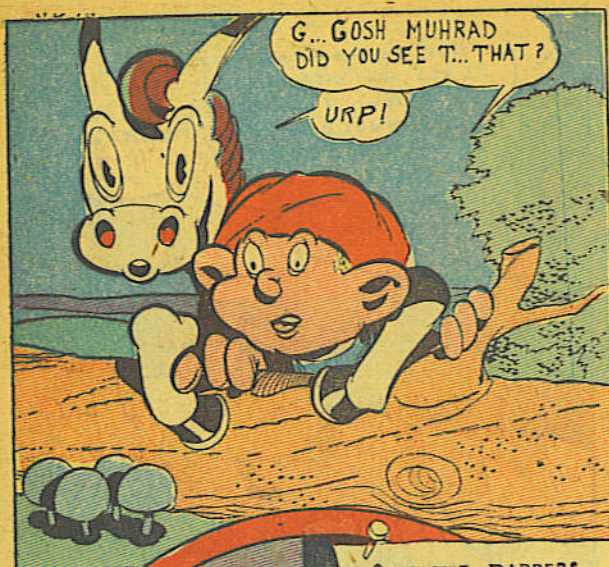
ALI SATRAP DISMOUNTS BEFORE AN ORNATE DOOR IN THE SIDE OF A CLIFF... GESTURES WILDLY AND....

OPEN
SESAME

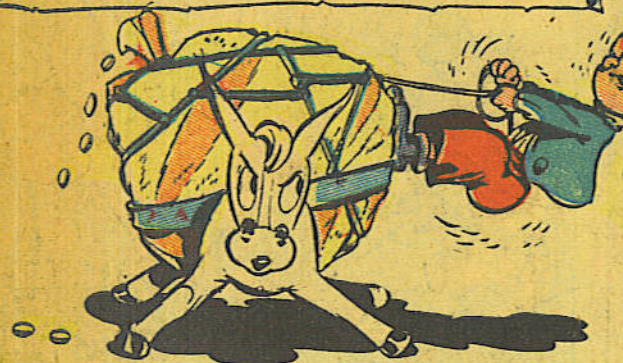


....SLOWLY AND PONDEROUSLY THE HUGE DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND THE THIEVES DISAPPEAR INTO A CAVE WITH THEIR ILL GOTTEN GAINS!





LOADING AS MUCH OF THE TREASURE AS THE OVERBURDENED LITTLE DONKEY CAN POSSIBLY BEAR, ALI BABA SETS OUT FOR HOME...



NOW TO GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BEFORE THOSE THIEVES RETURN.... I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, MUHRAD, IF THOSE SCOUNDRELS EVER CAUGHT US.



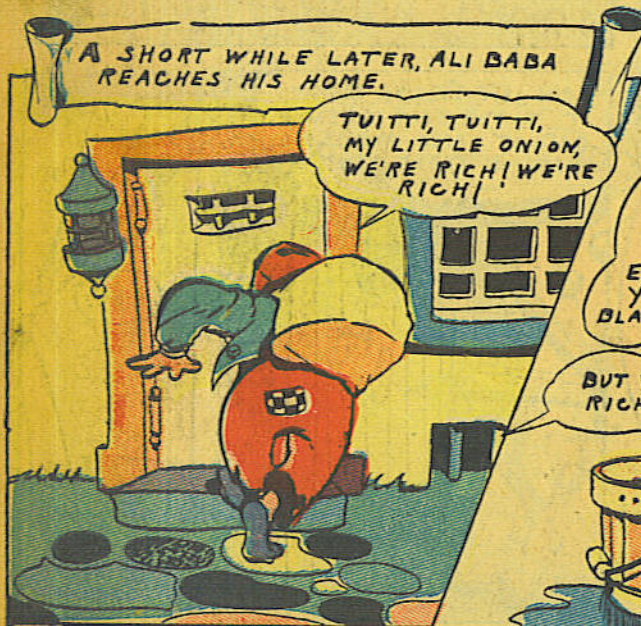
A SHORT WHILE LATER, ALI BABA REACHES HIS HOME.

TUUITI, TUUITI, MY LITTLE ONION, WE'RE RICH! WE'RE RICH!

ALI BABA! YOU WORTHLESS RASCAL, HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING! I WORK AND SLAVE ALL DAY LONG WHILE YOU RUN AROUND AND COME HOME DRUNK!

OH! WHY DID I EVER MARRY YOU! BLA! BLA! BLA!

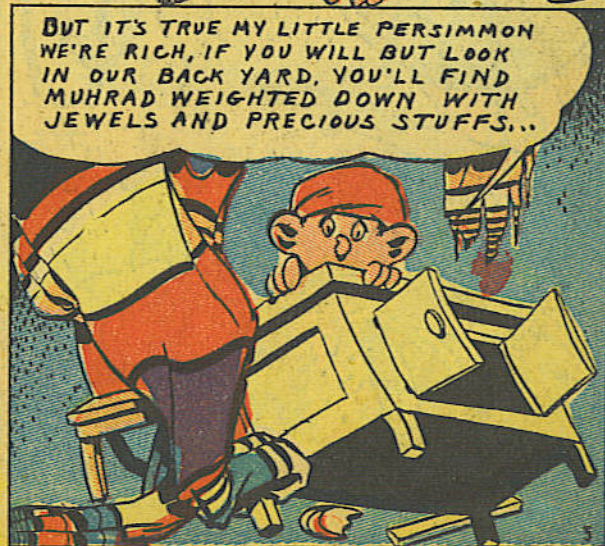
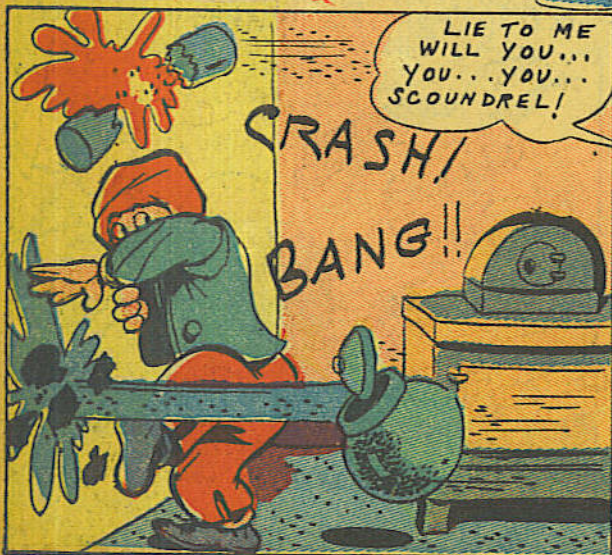
BUT WE'RE RICH!



BUT IT'S TRUE MY LITTLE PERSIMMON WE'RE RICH, IF YOU WILL BUT LOOK IN OUR BACK YARD, YOU'LL FIND MUHRAD WEIGHTED DOWN WITH JEWELS AND PRECIOUS STUFFS...

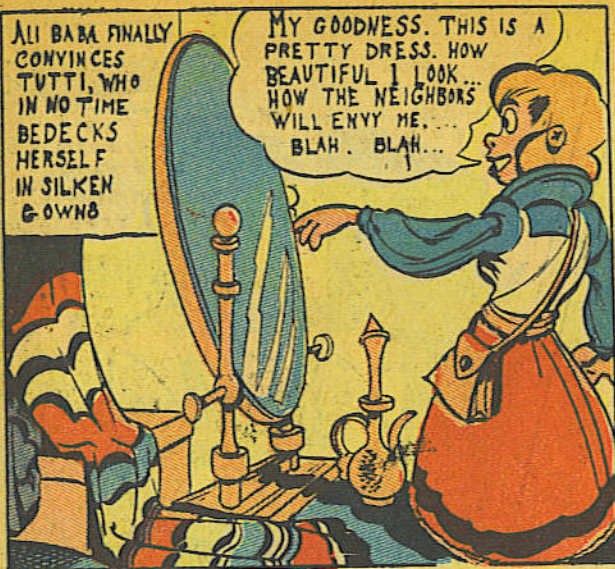
CRASH!
BANG!!

LIE TO ME WILL YOU... YOU... YOU... SCOUNDREL!

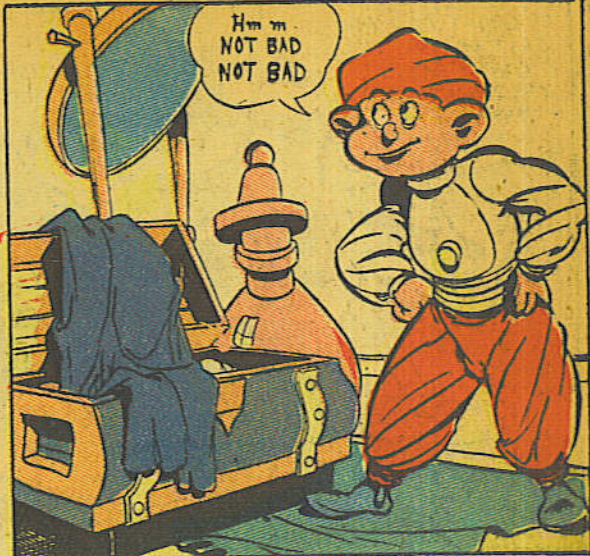


ALI BABA FINALLY
CONVINCES
TUTTI, WHO
IN NO TIME
BEDECKS
HERSELF
IN SILKEN
GOWN

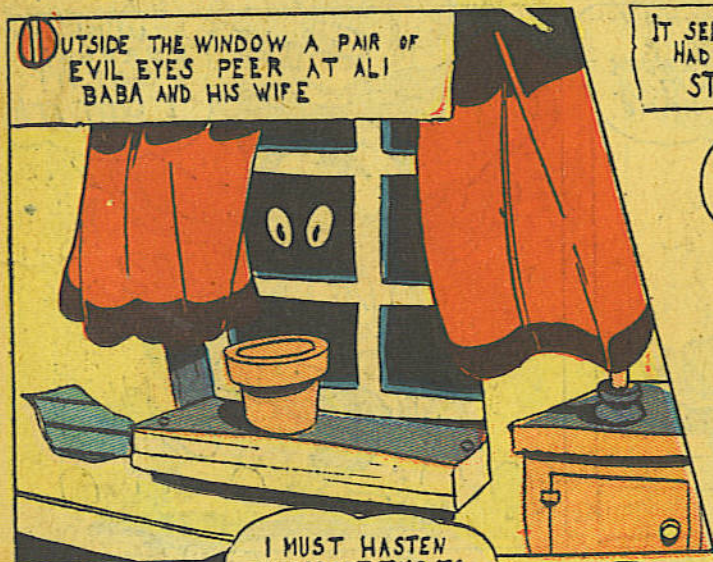
MY GOODNESS. THIS IS A
PRETTY DRESS. HOW
BEAUTIFUL I LOOK...
HOW THE NEIGHBORS
WILL ENVY ME...
BLAH. BLAH...



Hm m
NOT BAD
NOT BAD



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW A PAIR OF
EVIL EYES PEER AT ALI
BABA AND HIS WIFE



IT SEEMS THAT ONE OF ALI SATRAP SPIES
HAD FOLLOWED ALI BABA AND IS NOW
STANDING OUTSIDE BABA'S WINDOW

HHHH
HHHH
HHHH

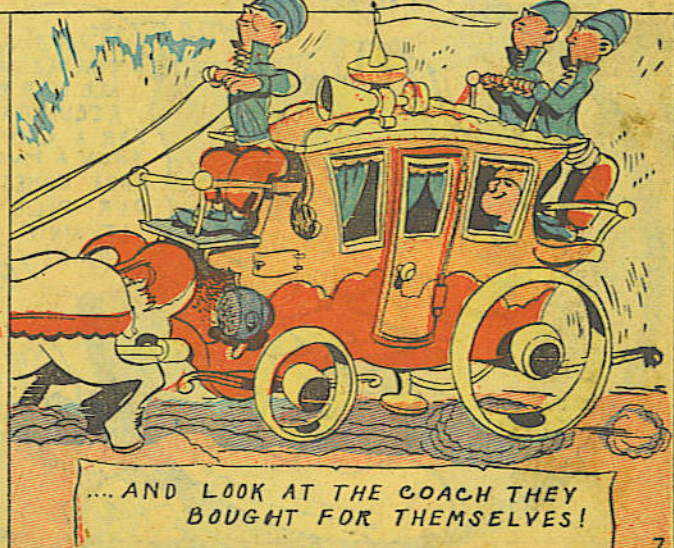
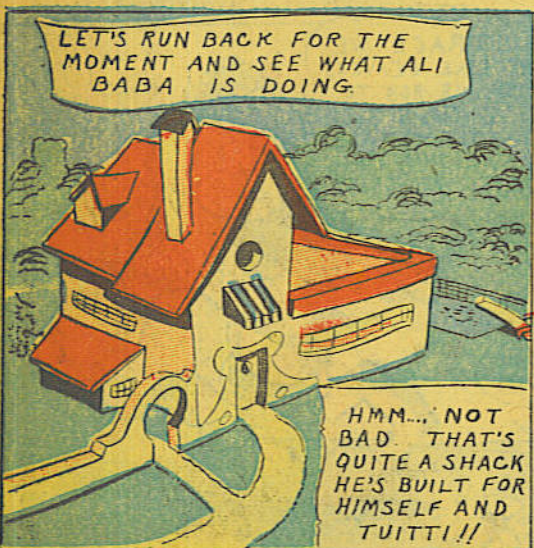
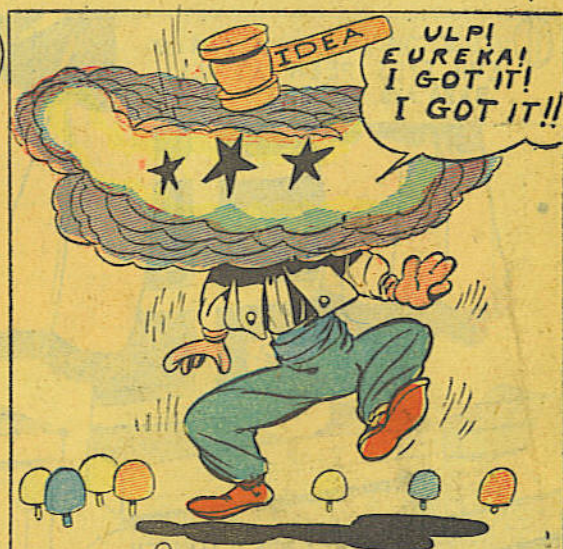
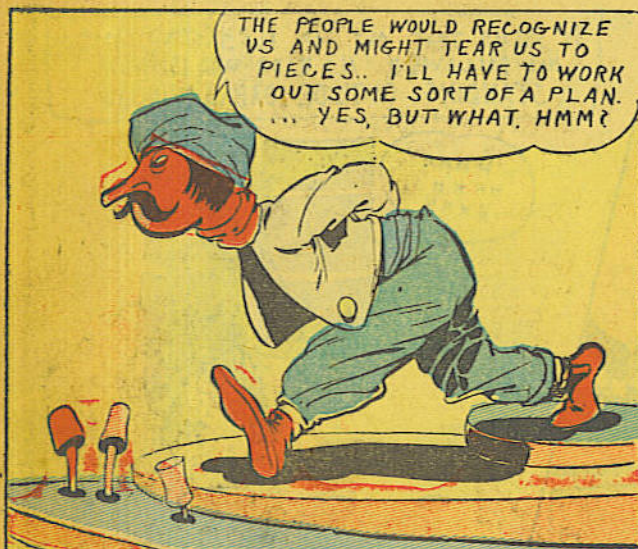
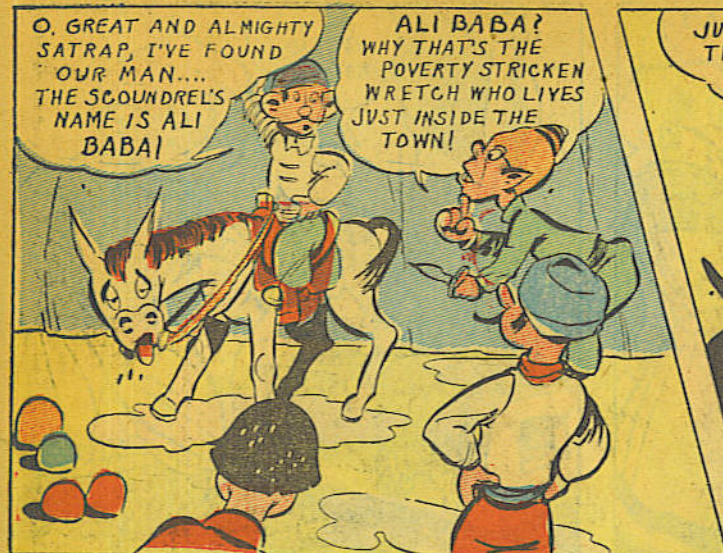


I MUST HASTEN
TO REPORT THIS TO
MY MASTER

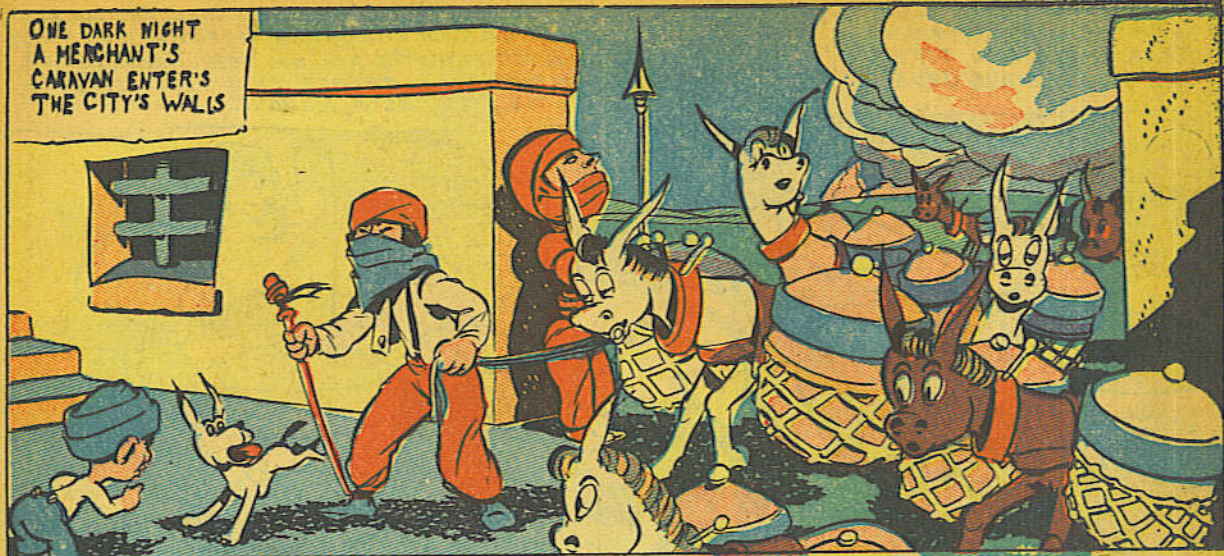
THAT'S AN OUTRAGE! WE
THIEVES WORK LIKE BEAVERS
ALL YEAR ROUND. WE ROB TO
ACCUMULATE ENOUGH GOLD
FOR A COMFORTABLE OLD AGE.
THEN A MUG LIKE THIS MUG
BABA COMES ALONG AND GRABS
OUR PILE
IT AIN'T FAIR!

YOU SAID
IT BOSS!

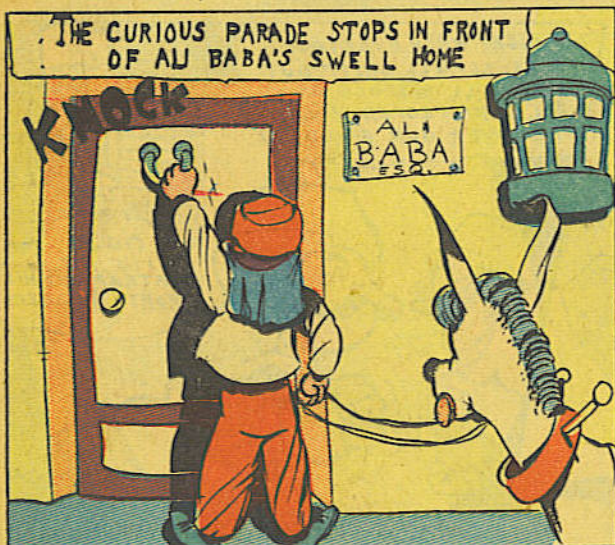




ONE DARK NIGHT
A MERCHANT'S
CARAVAN ENTERS
THE CITY'S WALLS

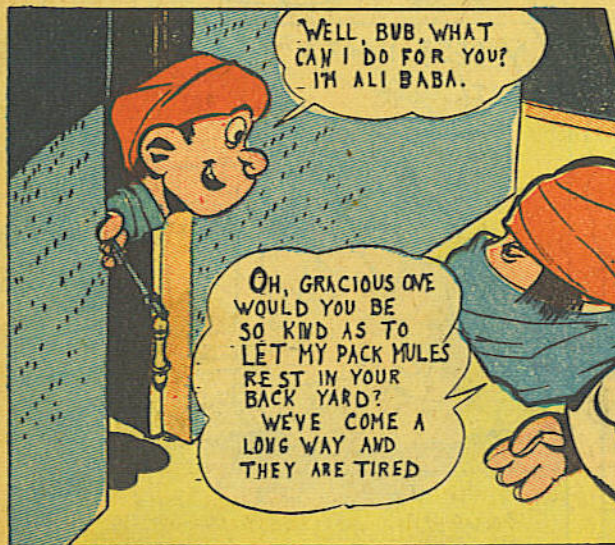


THE CURIOUS PARADE STOPS IN FRONT
OF ALI BABA'S SWELL HOME



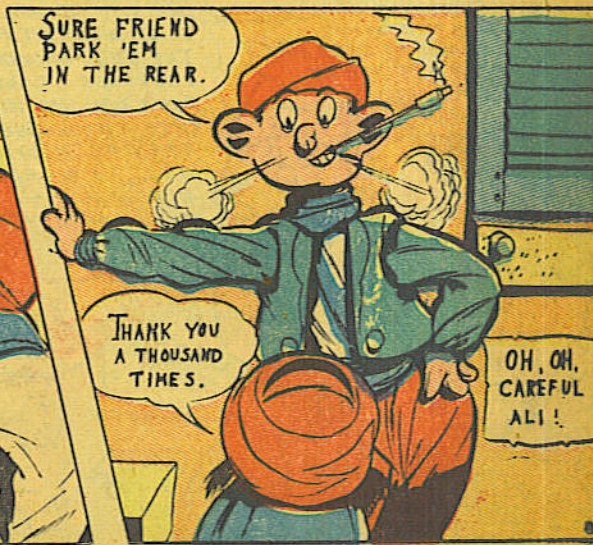
BEAT IT TRAMP!

NOT A TRAMP
BUT AN HONEST
MERCHANT AM I
PLEASE CALL
YOUR MASTER



WELL, BUB, WHAT
CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'M ALI BABA.

OH, GRACIOUS ONE
WOULD YOU BE
SO KIND AS TO
LET MY PACK MULES
REST IN YOUR
BACK YARD?
WE'VE COME A
LONG WAY AND
THEY ARE TIRED



SURE FRIEND
PARK 'EM
IN THE REAR.

THANK YOU
A THOUSAND
TIMES.

OH, OH,
CAREFUL
ALI!

THE MERCHANT UNBURDENS
HIS ANIMALS AND SETS
THE MYSTERIOUS JUGS DOWN.

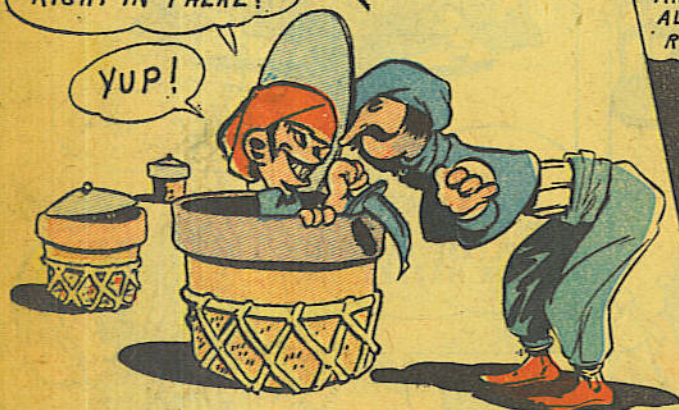


ALONE IN THE YARD, THE MERCHANT UNMASKS
AND... YEP, IT'S ALI SATRAP... HECK, IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE THIS THAT IT WAS
HE, YOU'RE A DOPE...



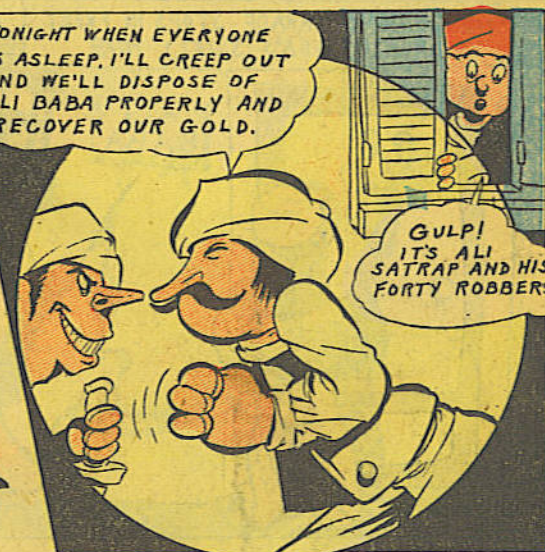
HOW'S EVERYTHING?
ARE YOU MEN ALL
RIGHT IN THERE?

YUP!



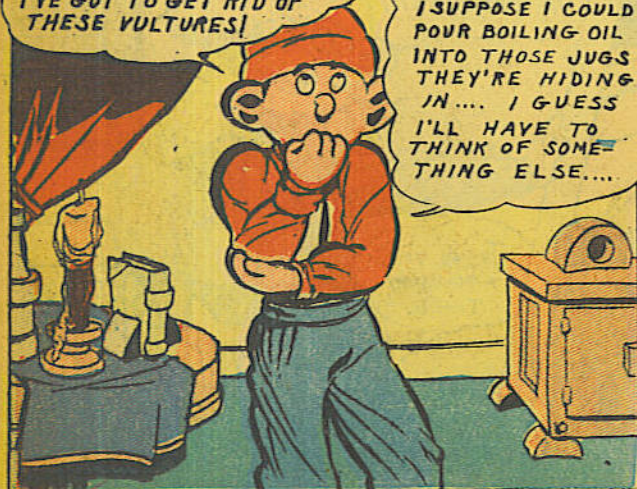
TONIGHT WHEN EVERYONE
IS ASLEEP, I'LL CREEP OUT
AND WE'LL DISPOSE OF
ALI BABA PROPERLY AND
RECOVER OUR GOLD.

GULP!
IT'S ALI
SATRAP AND HIS
FORTY ROBBERS



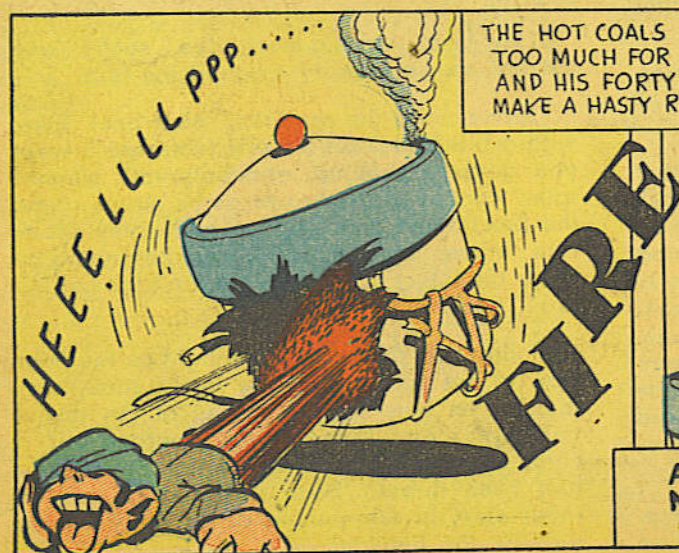
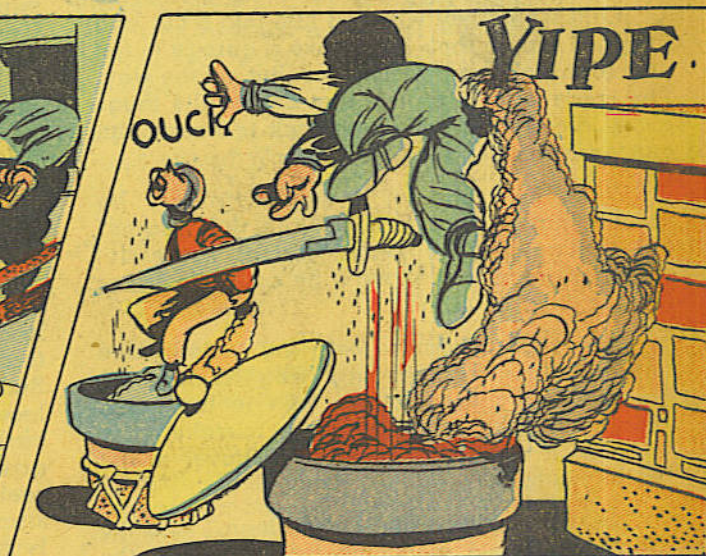
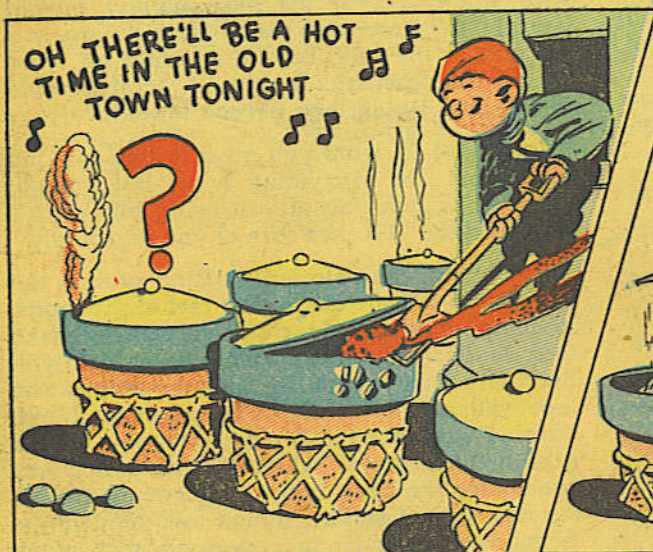
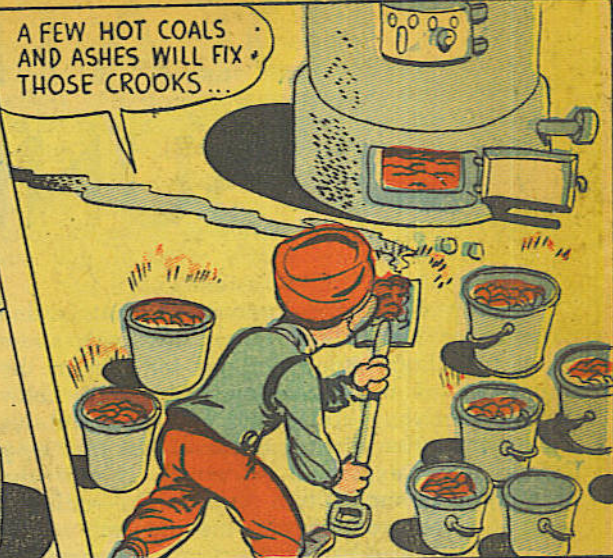
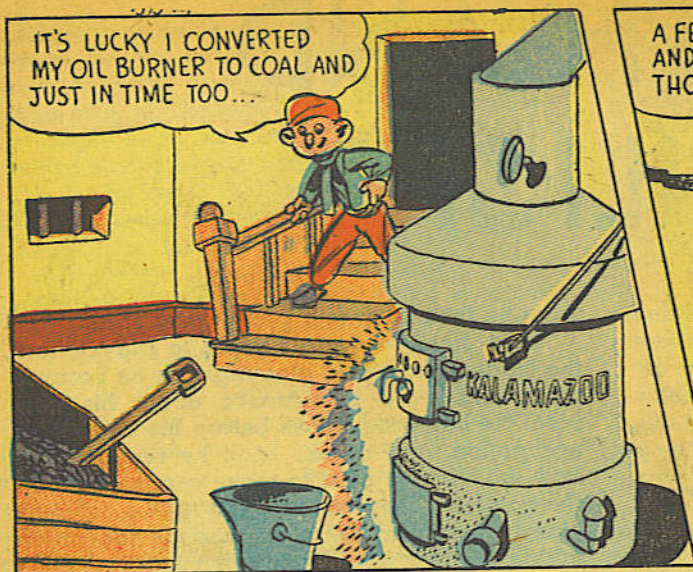
HMM... THIS IS SERIOUS
INDEED... SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF
THESE VULTURES!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR
THE FUEL SHORTAGE
I SUPPOSE I COULD
POUR BOILING OIL
INTO THOSE JUGS
THEY'RE HIDING
IN... I GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO
THINK OF SOME
THING ELSE...

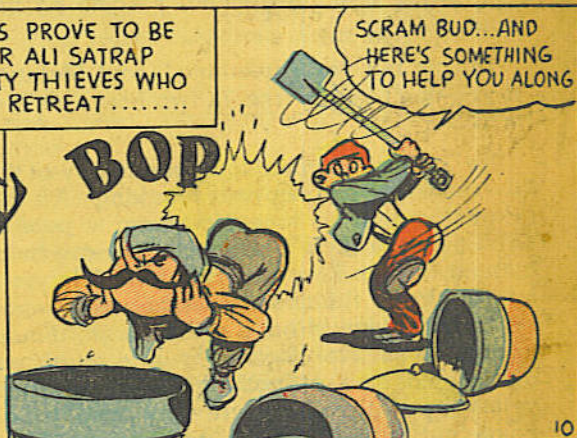


YIPES!! I GOT
IT!





THE HOT COALS PROVE TO BE TOO MUCH FOR ALL SATRAP AND HIS FORTY THIEVES WHO MAKE A HASTY RETREAT



ANOTHER HUMEROUS STORY IN NEXT MONTH'S NEW BLUE BEETLE DON'T MISS IT !!!

DEATH AND SUNLIGHT

Harvey McIntyre, famous chemist, didn't realize as he walked along the dark street that two thugs stood waiting for him in the shadows of a dark alley. He didn't know either that they had found out all about his latest invention of an explosive. Not that they wanted the explosive so much; it was the money to be made from the formula—millions—if it were produced on the market.

So he wasn't prepared for their terrific onslaught when they whisked him into a car and spirited him to their lair above a garage to get the formula from him by force. But, on the way, he made such a protest that one of the thugs was forced to use his blackjack to knock him unconscious.

When he came to, it was morning. He found himself face to face with the "brains" of the gang, Jake Zerbe, former successful business man who thought he could do better in the field of crime.

Jake was nobody's fool. His vicious and unscrupulous methods had won for him the respect and fear of every man in the gang. But even Jake could make a mistake. He thought it was going to be a pushover to get McIntyre to talk.

"Take my advice and come clean," said the "brains," with a menacing leer. "Give us the dope of the formula and don't waste no time about it!"

"Let me tell you something," said McIntyre, "if you don't let me free, in two hours we'll all be killed."

The "brains" laughed long and loudly at this. But suddenly he stopped laughing. An evil look came over his face. He began to pace up and down the floor. The master mind was beginning to plan how he could get McIntyre to talk. He knew the chemist was no easy mark. He knew he would have to be rough, though, to get results. The "brains" was a tough guy and would stop at nothing to get what he wanted. But this McIntyre guy also was a tough nut to crack. After a few moments of thought, Jake suddenly sprang into action.

"Mike, put a chair in the middle of the floor. Tony, seat our guest on the chair." Jake had

what he thought was a pretty good idea.

"Now, boys, we're all going to play follow the leader," Jake said gloatingly as he became more and more enthusiastic about his new idea. He had read books before his change of occupation, and in one book he remembered how the Vikings used to make a prisoner "run the gantlet." They would stand in two columns closely facing each other, and as the unfortunate captive would run down the line, each man would deliver his best Sunday punch. Usually, the poor man died before he reached the end of the line, but Jake would be more considerate than that. Besides, if McIntyre were to die, how would they get the formula?

Jake said, "I want you guys to line up, and follow me. Do everything I do, but nothing more. If I catch any of you using blackjacks, or 'knuckles,' I'll take care of you personally."

So saying, Jake started walking around the scientist in a large circle. The rest of the thugs, in compliance with Jake's command, followed their leader around the unfortunate McIntyre. Suddenly Jake struck the inventor across the face with the back of his large, bony hand, barking at the same time, "Are you gonna give us the formula?" The rest of his henchmen, seeing for the first time any pleasure in this strange way of making a man talk, immediately followed their leader's example with much interest.

"Hey, boss, this is a swell idee," spoke Tony the Rat, as he eagerly awaited his turn.

"Never mind the remarks," shot back Jake, with a black look on his evil features. "I want you guys to shut up, and only talk when I talk," continued the brains as he struck again the bewildered countenance of Harvey McIntyre, whose face already was beginning to show the effect of this terrible, and inhumanly cruel treatment.

Meanwhile, the shaft of sunlight on the floor slowly, but surely, like the lowly snail, was making its way from one side of the dusty, unkempt room. Now it was approaching a chair on which the scientist's coat carelessly had been thrown. Soon it would be on the other side, in the pursuit of its daily course through the heavens.

While Harvey McIntyre was still fully conscious, he noticed that already the golden beam from the heavens gradually was making its way up the legs of the chair over which his large, bulky greatcoat had been thrown. Harvey stared at the beam with horror in his eyes, for he knew that instant death would be the result when the beam reached its inevitable destination. The blows of the thugs were of such minor importance, compared to the thought of the colossal event about to occur, that they were almost unnoticed by the chemist as he sat transfixed.

Blow by blow, kick by kick, rained upon him as, during this time the fiends continued their murderous torture upon his battered and pain-racked body. But his mind, still mathematically keen, told him that in a few moments he would be forever free from this wretched punishment he had done nothing to deserve.

Unless he did something.

Knowing that it was but a matter of seconds, Harvey, with incredible speed and superhuman strength granted by his terrifying realization of what was to come, struggled from his chair, fought off his tormentors, and with a mighty effort leaped through the window.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Worried by her father's overnight absence, Jane McIntyre frantically had been phoning the police stations and hospitals in an attempt to find him. Just as she intended to leap into her car and comb the city herself, the phone rang. Impatiently, she tore off the receiver and answered. A cool crisp voice spoke:

"Hello, Miss Jane McIntyre?"

"Yes," Jane answered with growing alarm.

"This is the Blair General Hospital calling. We have just received a case in the Emergency Ward. The man is identified as Harvey McIntyre."

Jane very nervously replied, "That is my father. Is he very badly hurt?"

"We can't tell yet."

"I'll be right there," Jane cried as she slammed down the receiver, scooped up her coat and hat, and flew out the door. Springing into her car, she started in the direction of the hospital.

Some time later, after her father had sufficiently recovered from the shock of his harrowing experience, Jane asked him how the accident had occurred.

"I was on my way to see Dr. Crandall when it started," her father explained. "If you re-

member, I had an appointment with him to demonstrate my new explosive. In the inside pocket of my overcoat I was carrying a large quantity of the powder in a glass vial. When Jake Zerbe's hostile henchmen took me to their hide-out, they took off my coat and threw it over a chair in the room in such a manner that the inside coat pocket was in full view. When I came to in the morning, I noticed that there was sunlight visible on the floor, and calculated by mathematics that it would take two hours for the sunlight to fall upon the vial in the pocket of my coat."

"What did that have to do with it?" asked Police Inspector O'Mally, who was also listening to the fantastic tale with avid interest.

"I knew," continued the scientist, "that as soon as the ray of sunlight reached the vial, the powder in it, being extremely sensitive, would explode with more violent force than any other explosive the world had ever seen. When the sun was within mere seconds of touching the tube, I leaped out the window."

"I know the rest, Miss McIntyre," volunteered O'Mally, eager to enlighten the pretty girl. "Your father had the luck of the Irish when he jumped out that window. He landed plumb in the back seat of an open touring car, groaned, 'Hospital,' and passed out. The driver brought him here to this hospital."

"Have you caught the murderers yet?" asked Jane, who was naturally anxious to have her father's wrongdoers brought to justice.

"You won't have to worry about them, Miss McIntyre. Didn't you read last night's paper? There was a big story about a mysterious explosion in an alley off Clark St. When my men got there, they found the dead bodies of Jake Zerbe, Mike Calucci, Tony the Rat, and three other men, lesser members of the Zerbe mob."

"They were all dangerous murderers and robbers, weren't they Inspector?" queried Mr. McIntyre.

"That they were, and you certainly saved the State a big electric bill, with your new-fangled powder," replied O'Mally, with a big grin on his rosy features. "So, in behalf of this city and this State, it gives me great pleasure to present you with this check for five thousand dollars, as your reward for aiding in the capture and punishment of these criminals."

Handing the check to the dumbfounded man and daughter, the Inspector mumbled, "Good-bye and good luck," and walked out of the room, leaving behind him two of the happiest and most surprised people in the world.

**DON'T
MISS**

THE NEXT ISSUE
of **BLUE
BEETLE**

MYSTERY!

THRILLS!



64 PAGES OF

- THE BLUE BEETLE
- CRIME REPORTER
- TRUE WAR STORY
- ANIMATION
- PUZZLES AND GAGS
- AND MANY OTHER FEATURES

FOR
THE BEST IN
COMICS
BUY THE ONLY AND ONLY
**BLUE
BEETLE**

CRIME REPORTER



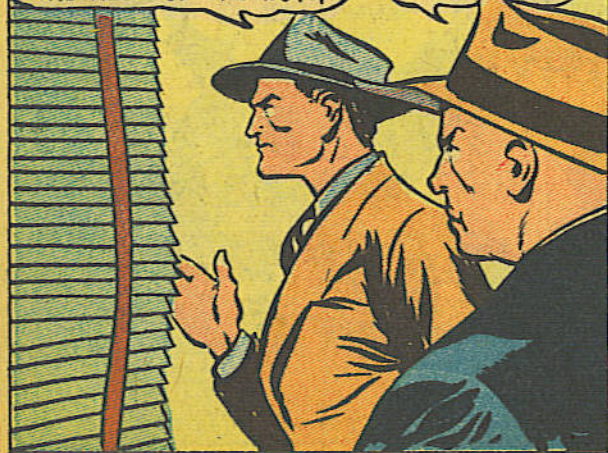
SOMEWHERE IN CHICAGO

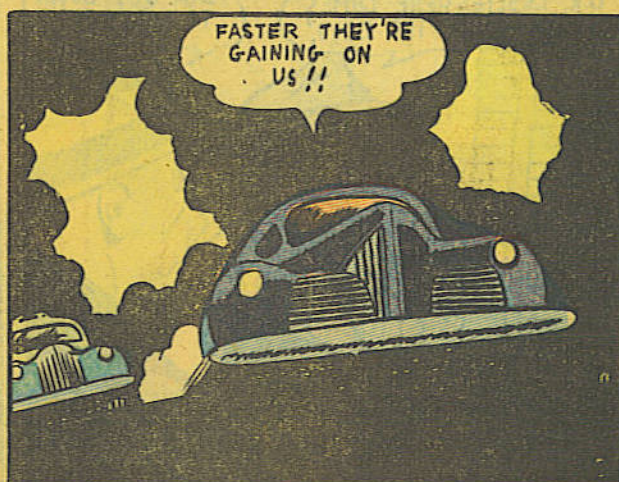
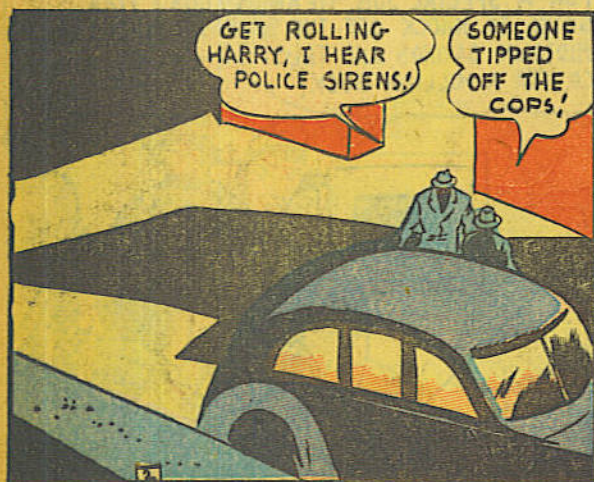
O.K. LESLIE HERE COMES
THE REST OF THE BOYS!

GOOD NOW WE
CAN GET DOWN
TO BUSINESS!

I CALLED YOU GUYS
FOR A SPECIAL JOB. WE'RE
GOING TO KNOCK OFF THE
MIDTOWN SAVINGS AND TRUST
CO. FOR A MILLION BUCK!

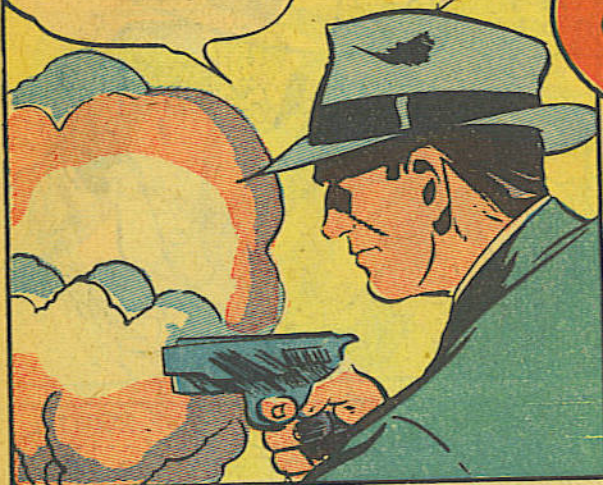
WOW! YOU
DON'T FOOL
AROUND LESLIE!





TRY TO HIT ONE
OF THEIR TIRES, IT'S
OUR ONLY CHANCE!

HA, I DID
IT THEY'RE
GOING TO...



LATER THE SAME
DAY AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS

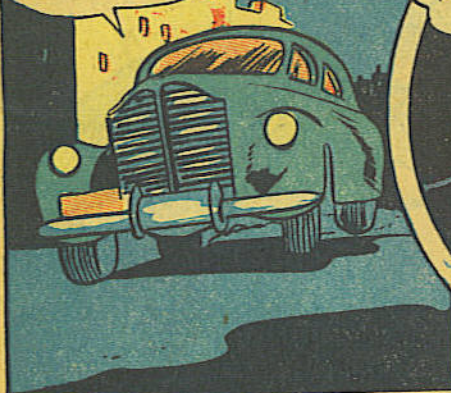
DO YOU REMEMBER GEORGE
LESLIE, HE WAS ALWAYS
SMALL TIME STUFF BUT I'M
POSITIVE THIS IS LESLIE, HE'S
A KILLER AND WE BETTER
WORK FAST.

HA, HA, HA,
ONE MILLION
BUCKS FOR TWO
MINUTES WORK

CHEE, LESLIE
YOU GOT
BRAINS.

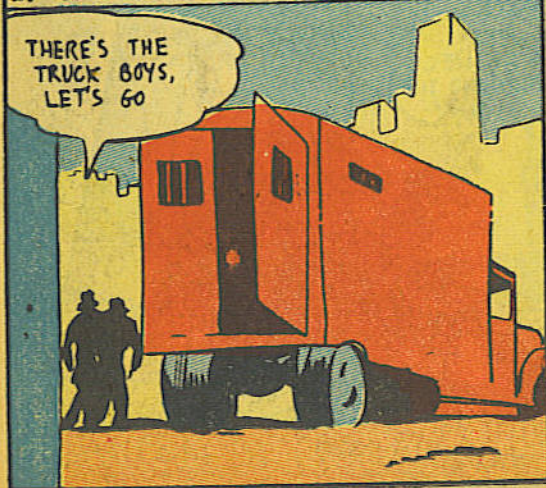
MURPHY,
I JUST GOT YOUR
REPORT ON THAT BANK
HOLDUP DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEAS?

I HAVE A
HUNCH WHO
PULLED THAT JOB



AND SO FOUR DAYS LATER ON A CROWD-
ED STREET

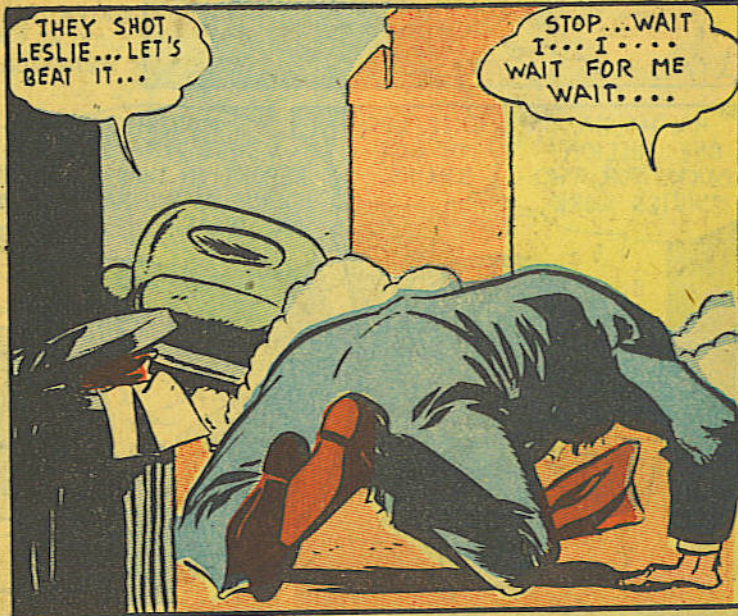
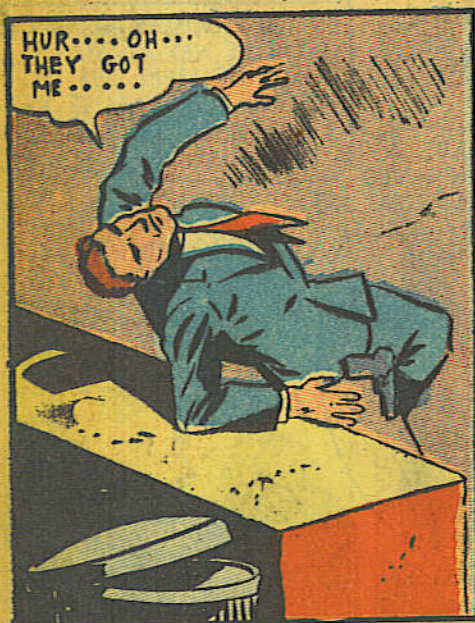
THERE'S THE
TRUCK BOYS,
LET'S GO



UP WITH YOUR HANDS
MUG, WE'RE TAKIN'
THAT DOUGH.

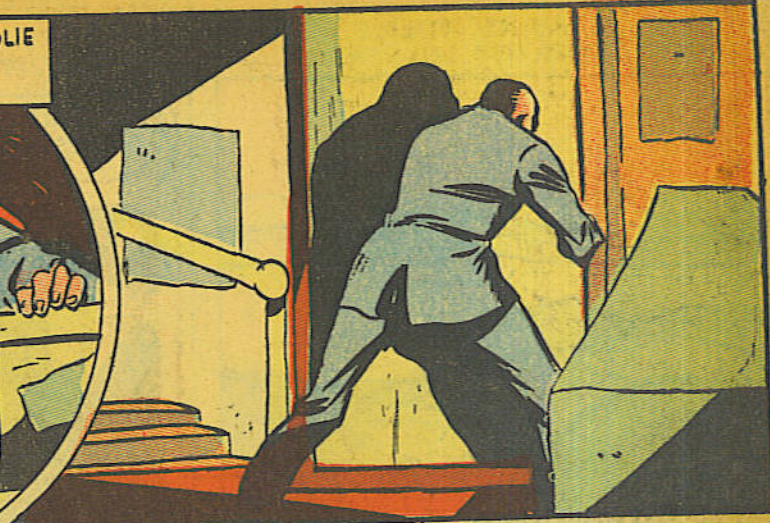
HELP! HELP!
POLICE!!





BUT ALTHOUGH WOUNDED GEORGE LESLIE
SOMEHOW MANAGED TO ESCAPE THE
POLICE DRAGNET.....

NOT FAR YET
THEN I'LL SETTLE
WITH THOSE
RATS!



WHA'
LESLIE!



BOSS!!
WE THOUGHT
YOU WAS..

YEAH, YOU
THOUGHT I
WAS DEAD!



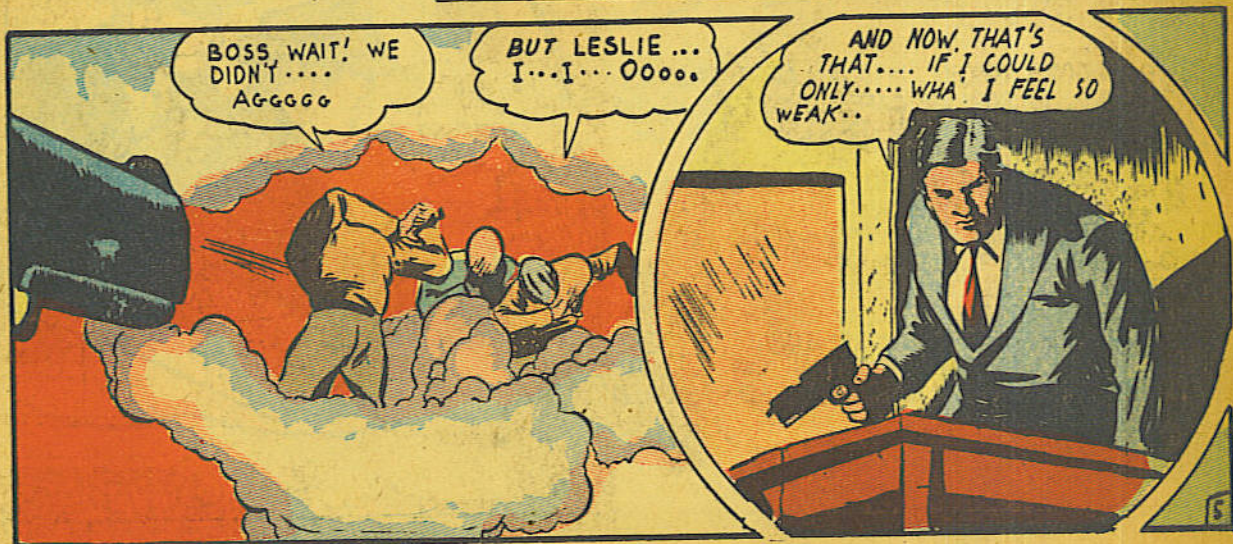
WELL I DIDN'T, AND I
HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY
TO YOU SKUNKS! AND
HERE IT IS...



BOSS, WAIT! WE
DIDN'T.....
AGGGGG

BUT LESLIE...
I...I... OOOO.

AND NOW, THAT'S
THAT.... IF I COULD
ONLY..... WHA' I FEEL SO
WEAK..



BUT LESLIE NEVER LIVED TO SPEND HIS LOOT... WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED GEORGE LESLIE WAS..... DEAD



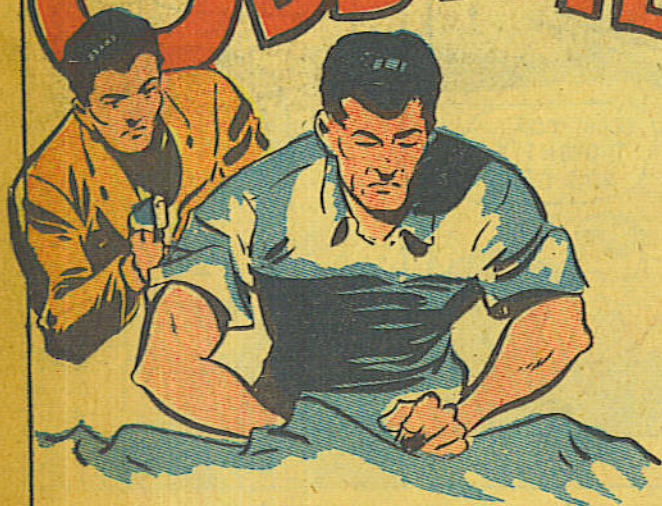
WELL THERE'S ONE BIG SHOT WHO ONLY STAYED ON THE TOP FOR SIX DAYS.

YEAH, THAT'S THE END OF GEORGE LESLIE!



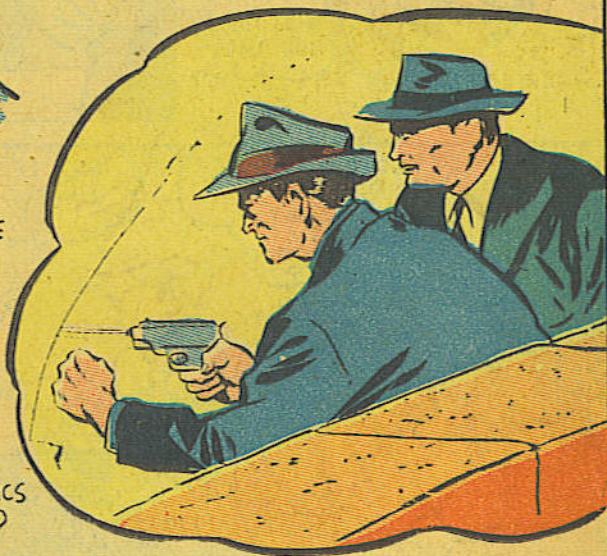
**NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER
CRIME
REPORTER
WILL BE
PRESENTED IN
BLUE
BEETLE
COMICS**

ODDITIES FROM THE CRIME WORLD

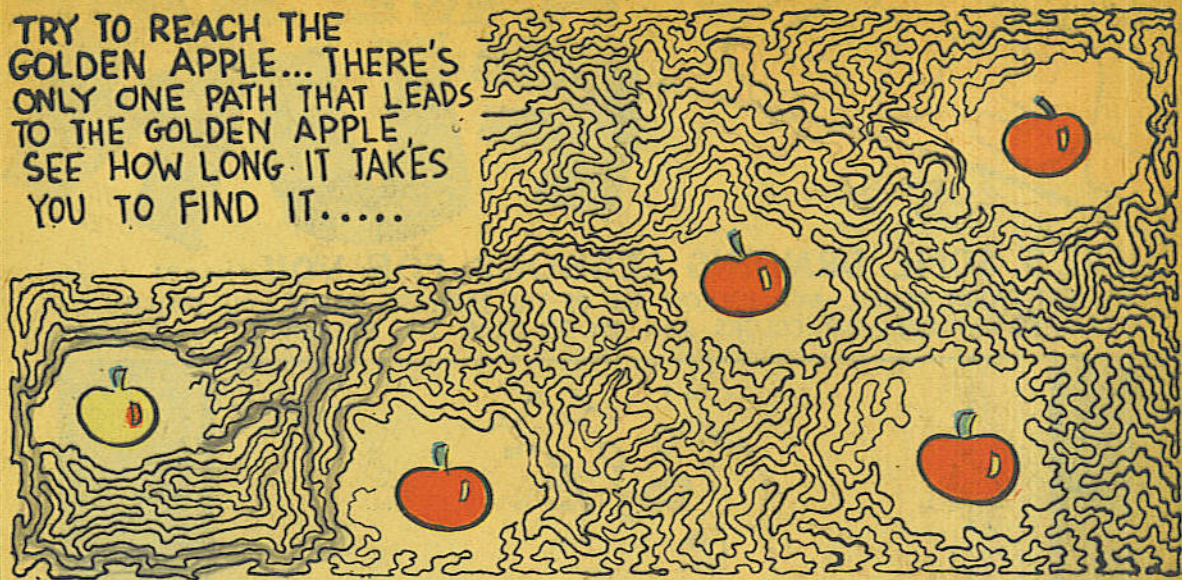


ONE NIGHT, A CHICAGO DOCTOR WAS FORCED TO OPERATE ON A GUNMAN, WHO WAS WOUNDED WHILE ATTEMPTING A HOLD-UP HIS COMPANION AT THE POINT OF A GUN, MADE THE DOCTOR REMOVE THE BULLET WITH ONLY A RAZOR BLADE.....

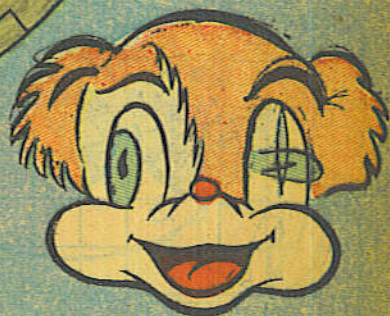
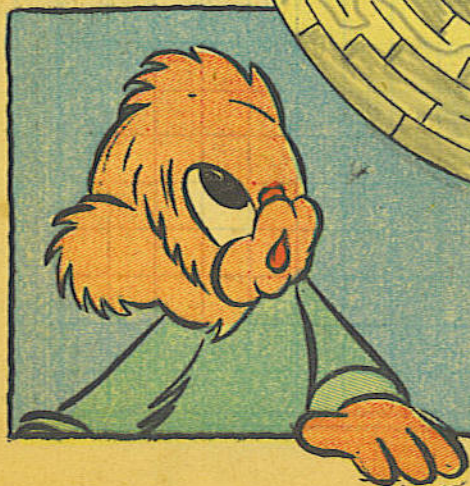
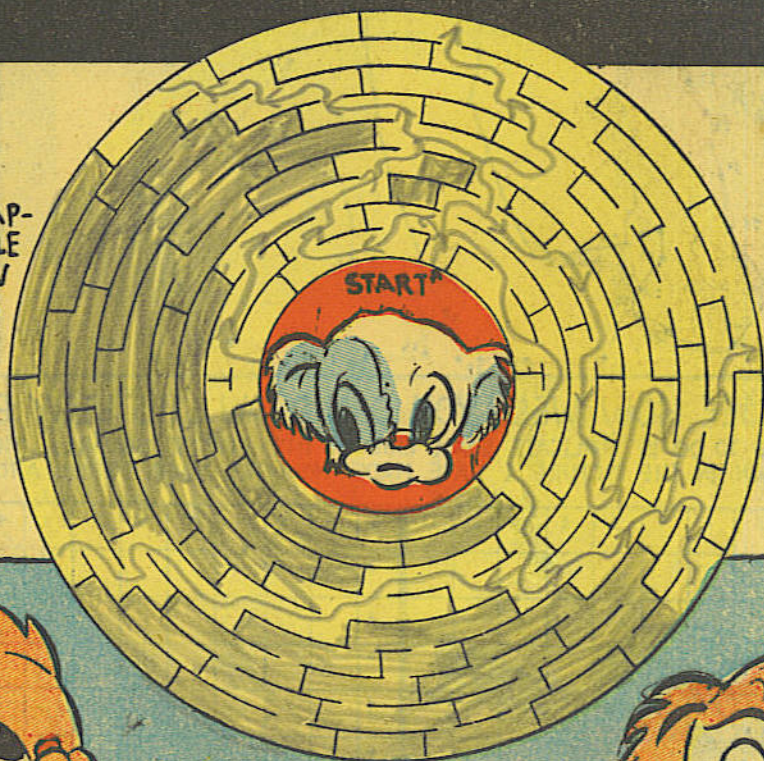
TWO CROOKS BROKE INTO A LARGE FACTORY WAREHOUSE TO ROB THE SAFE...THEY TIED UP THE WATCHMAN AND PROCEEDED TO BLOW OPEN THE SAFE.....HOWEVER, SOMEHOW THE WATCHMAN MANAGED TO TRIP THE ALARM, THE TWO GUNMEN TURNED AND FIRED... ONE SLUG KILLED THE WATCHMAN AS IT CRASHED THROUGH HIS SPINE AND INTO THE FLOOR..... THE OTHER MISSED.... ONE CROOK WAS CAPTURED BY THE POLICE BUT THE OTHER ESCAPED...WHEN ON TRIAL THE CAPTURED GUNMAN SWORE IT WAS HIS BULLET THAT MISSED THE WATCHMAN, BUT BALLISTICS EXPERTS PROVED THE LETHAL BULLET WAS FIRED FROM HIS GUN....



TRY TO REACH THE
GOLDEN APPLE... THERE'S
ONLY ONE PATH THAT LEADS
TO THE GOLDEN APPLE,
SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES
YOU TO FIND IT.....



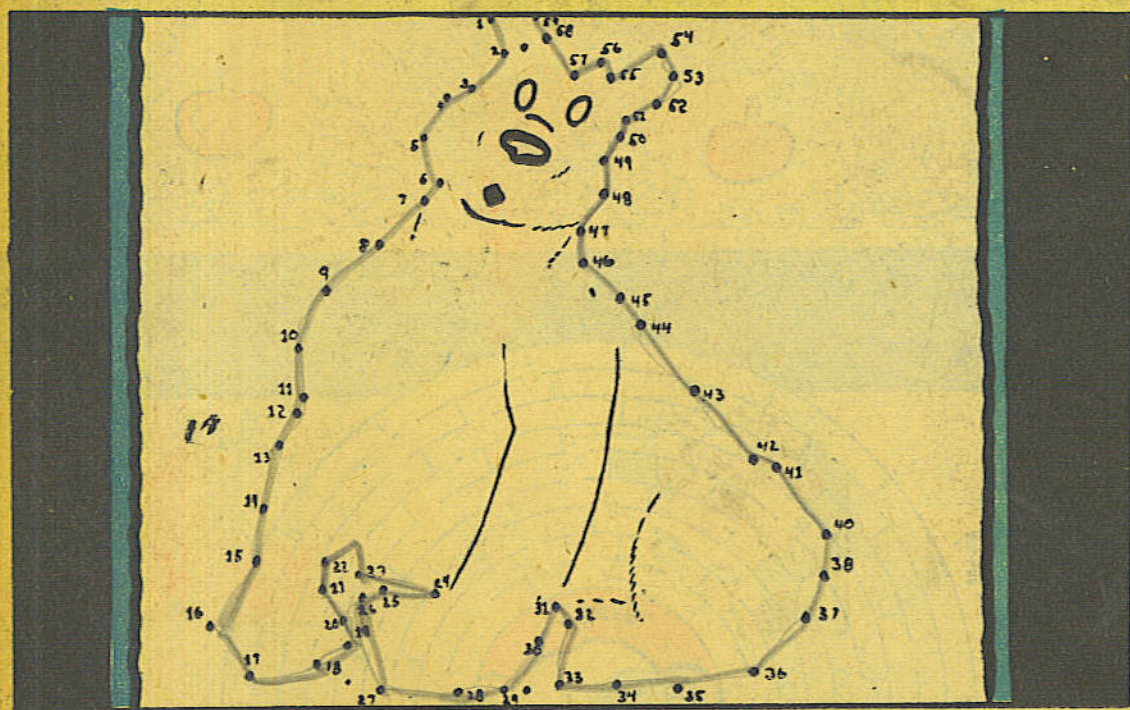
THIS LITTLE
FELLOW IS TRAP-
PED IN THE CIRCLE
LET'S SEE HOW
LONG IT TAKES
YOU TO HELP
HIM GET
FREE



LET'S HAVE SOME FUN

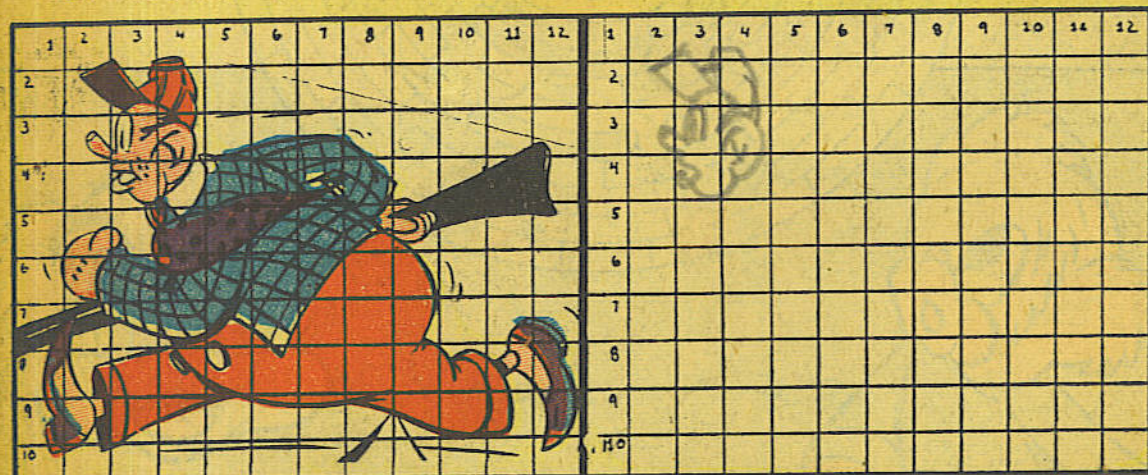
HERE'S SOME DRAWING LESSONS FOR YOU

NOW GET YOUR PENCIL AND FOLLOW ALL OF THE NUMBERS, WHEN YOU FINISH THE DRAWING GET OUT YOUR COLORS AND TRY TO COLOR THE SKETCH...

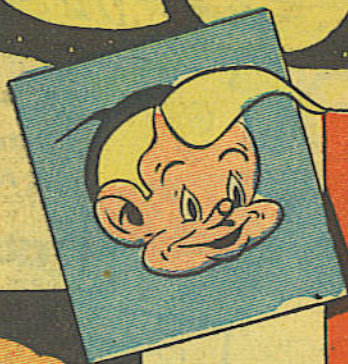


NOW LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU CAN DRAW...IT'S VERY EASY

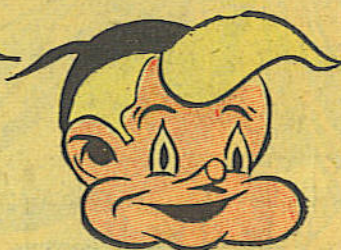
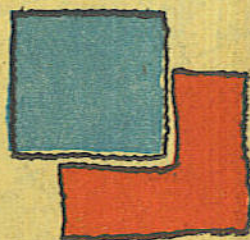
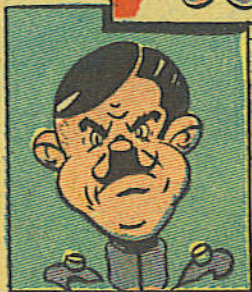
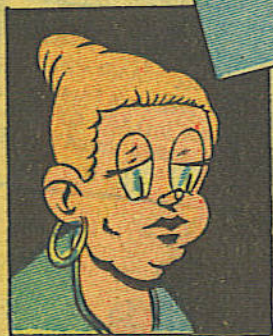
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DUPLICATE EACH LINE IN THE EMPTY SQUARES THE SAME WAY THEY ARE DRAWN IN THE PICTURE, I HAVE MADE. NOW GET YOUR PENCIL AND TRY IT.



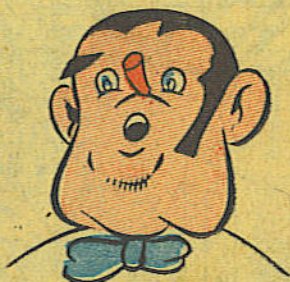
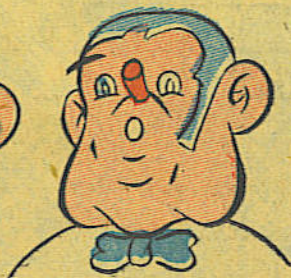
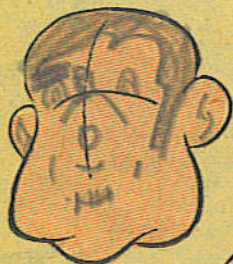
DRAW For The COMICS



IT'S VERY EASY TO DRAW THESE COMIC CHARACTERS NOW GET YOURSELF SOME PAPER AND A PENCIL AND FOLLOW THE DRAWINGS STEP BY STEP.... AS I HAVE ILLUSTRATED BELOW FIRST YOU DRAW TWO CIRCLES THEN YOU FILL IN THE FEATURES AS YOU GO ALONG IT'S VERY EASY..TRY IT



AFTER YOU DRAW THESE CHARACTERS PRACTICE ON SOME OF YOUR OWN IDEAS



TRY TO DRAW THE OTHER TWO CHARACTERS, I HAVE DRAWN FOR YOU UP ABOVE

INTRODUCING THE NEW SENSATIONAL BOY HERO OF COMICS!

WING LEE

BOY PATRIOT of CHINA

and the FLYING TIGERS

Drawn by
JACK ALDERMAN

CHAPTER I.

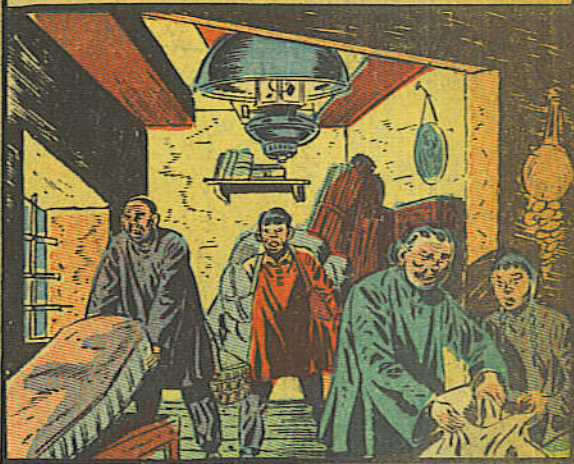
FOURTEEN YEAR OLD WING
LEE A CHINESE YOUNGSTER
WHO LIVES WITH HIS FAMILY
IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF LU-
CHONG BECOMES CHINA'S HERO.



THE JAPS ARE BUT A
MILE AWAY! RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!



THE LEES PREPARE TO FLEE....



SUDDENLY,
A JAPANESE
OFFICER
CONFRONTS
WING LEE
AND HIS
FAMILY....

LINE UP AGAINST THE
WALL, YOU LOW
DOWN PIGS!



SEARCH THE HOUSE
MEN QUICKLY!

BUT WE
HAVE NOTHING
OF VALUE!

SHUT
UP OLD
MAN. HAVE
WE ASKED
YOUR
ADVICE?



A SOLDIER PICKS UP A RAG DOLL...



OH PLEASE GIVE
ME MY DOLL!





THE JAP SOLDIER HAS HIS SPITEFUL REVENGE ...



WING LEE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.



AS WING LEE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A DUNGEON WHERE HE FINDS SOME FRIENDS



CHIN LAU, WINGS BEST FRIEND COMES TO WINGS AID





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING....

YOU CHINESE ARE
TO HELP WITH THIS
BRIDGE!



PLACE THOSE PLANKS
ON THE BRIDGE AND
NAIL THEM SECURELY.
GET GOING!



PRETEND TO DRIVE THE
NAILS INTO THE WOOD.
INSTEAD DROP THEM IN
THE RIVER

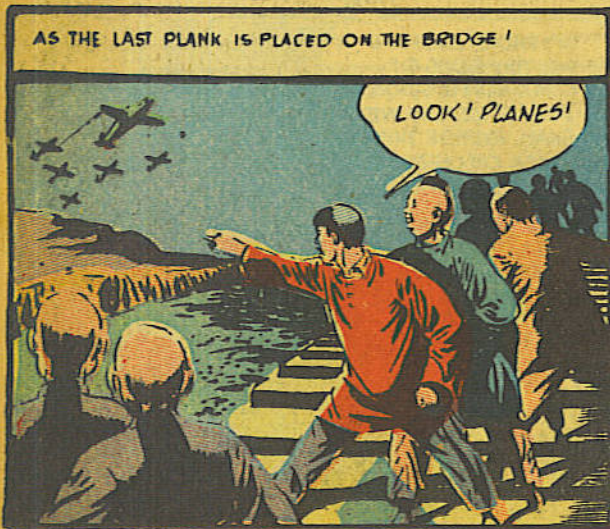


THE WHISPERED MESSAGE IS PASSED ALONG
THE LINE



AS THE LAST PLANK IS PLACED ON THE BRIDGE!

LOOK! PLANES!



IT'S THE FLY-
ING TIGERS!

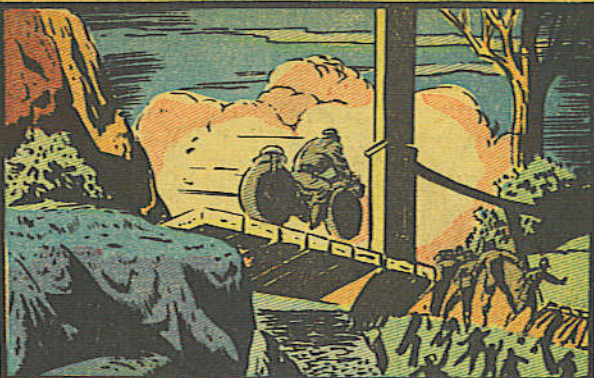






AFTER THEM! CAPTURE EVERYONE OF THOSE BLASTED SWINE!

THE BRIDGE BUILT WITH FORCED CHINESE LABOR PROVES A DEATH TRAP TO THE JAPS.



FROM A NEARBY HILLTOP...



WE HAVE SCORED OUR FIRST VICTORY OVER THE ENEMY AT LAST!

THAT NIGHT IN A CAVE HIDEOUT...



SO FAR GOOD FORTUNE HAS FAVORED US, BUT OUR SITUATION IS NOT VERY BRIGHT. WE HAVE NO WEAPONS, OR FOOD!



I SHALL CATCH SOME FISH FOR OUR BREAKFAST. MY HANDS ARE ALL THE BAIT I NEED!

GOOD



NOW THAT OUR FOOD PROBLEM IS SETTLED WE SHOULD SOON REACH THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK!



DO YOU THINK THE GENERALISSIMO WILL PERMIT US TO BECOME SOLDIERS?

WHY NOT? CHINA NEEDS US EVEN THOUGH WE ARE ALL YOUNGSTERS!

10 DAYS LATER, WING LEE AND THE BOYS REACH CHIANG-KAI-SHEK'S



PLEASE WE WISH TO SEE THE GENERALISSIMO!

FOLLOW ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BOYS FACE CHIANG-KAI-SHEK....



WELCOME MY FRIENDS!

WE ARE HONORED TO MEET YOU GENERALISSIMO

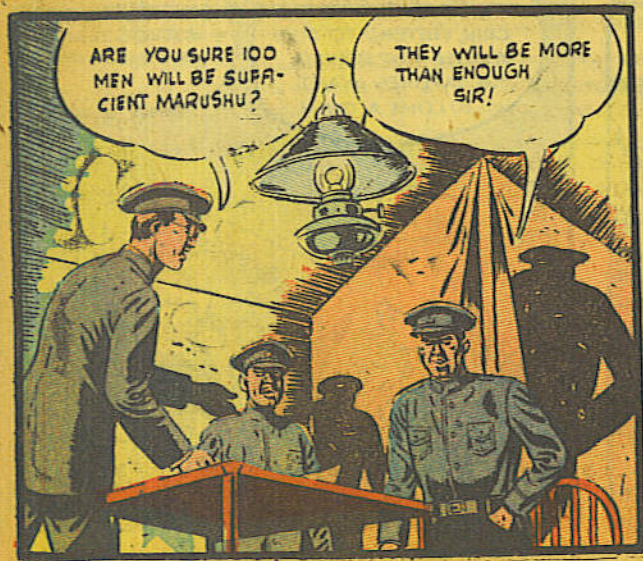
WING TELLS CHIANG WHAT HAS HAPPENED....



AND THAT'S WHY WE WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY!



LATER THAT EVENING....





WE MUST GET HELP!

NO! THAT ISN'T NECESSARY. OUR BOYS CAN TAKE CARE OF THOSE JAPS!



GET UP AT ONCE! WE ARE IN DANGER!

THE BOYS FINALLY REACH THEIR OWN GROUP...

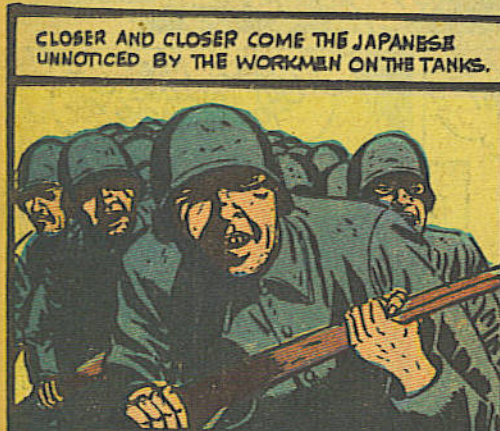


THEN THE OLDER MEN ARE SUMMONED...

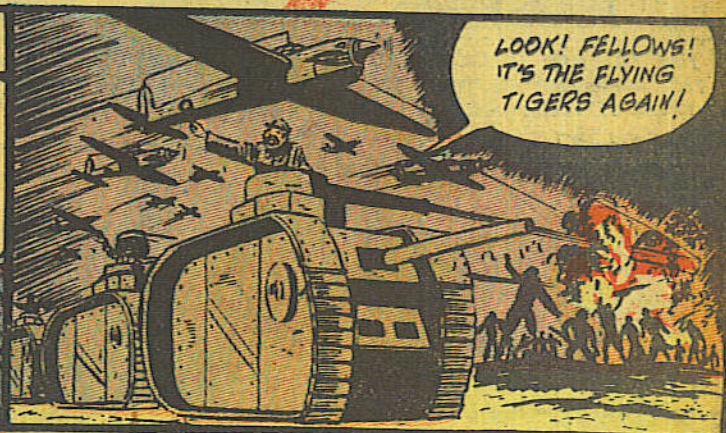
THE JAPS WILL CAPTURE OUR TANKS! OUR WORK WILL HAVE BEEN FOR NOTHING!

WE WILL HELP YOU! KEEP CALM! I HAVE A PLAN!

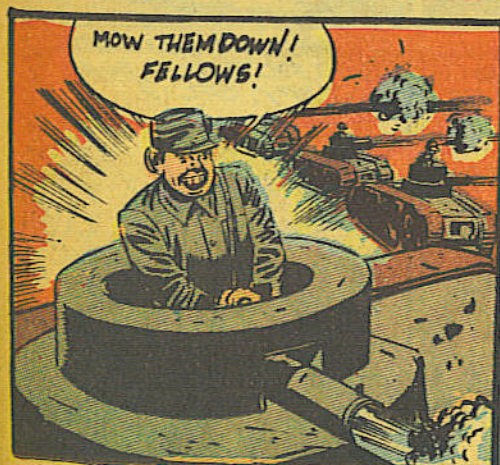
THE NEXT MORNING HARDLY LOOKING UP AS THE JAPS APPROACH ... THE OLD MEN CALMLY CONTINUE TO WORK...



CLOSER AND CLOSER COME THE JAPANESE UNNOTICED BY THE WORKMEN ON THE TANKS.



LOOK! FELLOWS! IT'S THE FLYING TIGERS AGAIN!



MOW THEM DOWN! FELLOWS!



AFTER THE REMAINDER OF THE JAPS ARE SLAIN OR CAPTURED ...

THAT WAS A GREAT VICTORY SON! CHINA IS INDEED GRATEFUL TO YOU AND YOUR BOYS!

THANK YOU, SIR, BUT WE HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO FIGHT!

REMEMBER!
Don't Miss
THE Coming Adventures
of
CHINA'S NEW
BOY HERO
"WING LEE
BOY PATRIOT
of CHINA"
with THE FLYING TIGERS
HERE AGAIN
NEXT MONTH!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

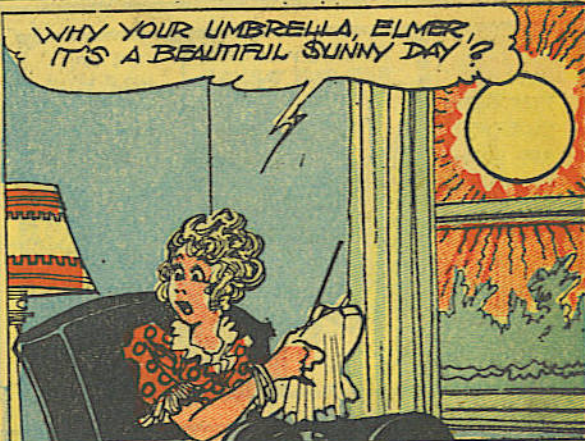


THE FOLLOWING BIT OF WHIMSY ALL TAKES PLACE EARLY IN THE YEAR 1950.

NO MORE CLIMBING UP A MILLION STAIRS FOR ME,-- ER, MARSE,-- WHERE'S MY UMBRELLA--?



WHY YOUR UMBRELLA, ELMER, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SUNNY DAY?



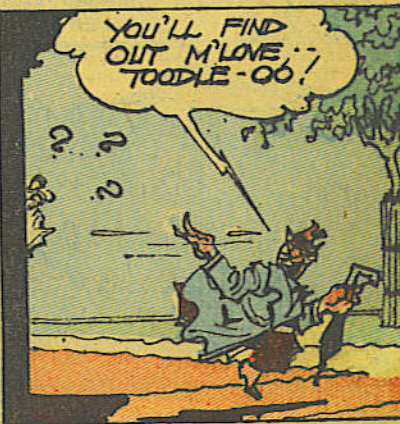
I'M TAKING IT DOWN TO THE AIRPLANE FACTORY TO HAVE IT REPAIRED!



AIRPLANE FACTORY? HAVE YOU GONE ALL-OUT WACKY? --- HERE !!



YOU'LL FIND OUT M'LOVE,-- TOODLE-OO!



AIRPLANE CORP.

WE GIVE YOU THE WORKS.



GOOD MORNIN', BUD, WILL YOU 'DEISEL' THIS OLD PARASOL UP FOR ME?

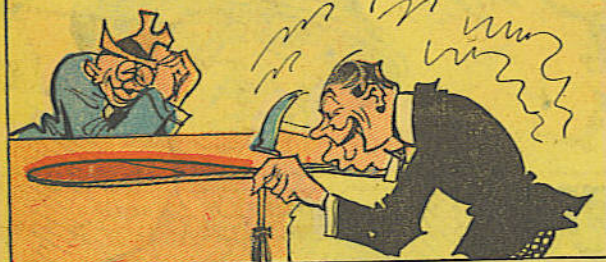
PARTS & PARTS & PARTS.



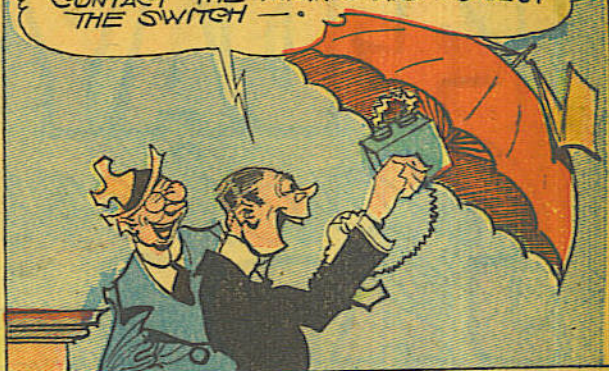
I GET IT, YOU WANT A HELICOPTER,-- IN A JIFFY, SIR.--!!



IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, - FIRST
WE ATTACH A FOLDING
PROPELLOR - THEN WE -



--- INSTALL THE STORAGE BATTERY -
CONTACT THE WIRING AND ADJUST
THE SWITCH -



AND THERE IT IS, - ALL
SET, SIR, - FOR \$1.50 -
HAPPY LANDINGS -!

RIGHTO !!

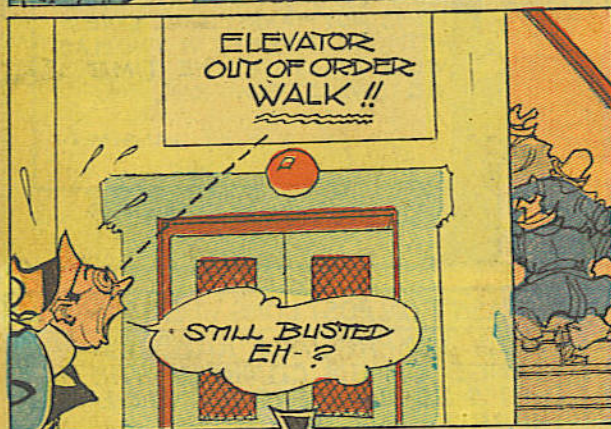


NOW DOWN TO
THE OFFICE !

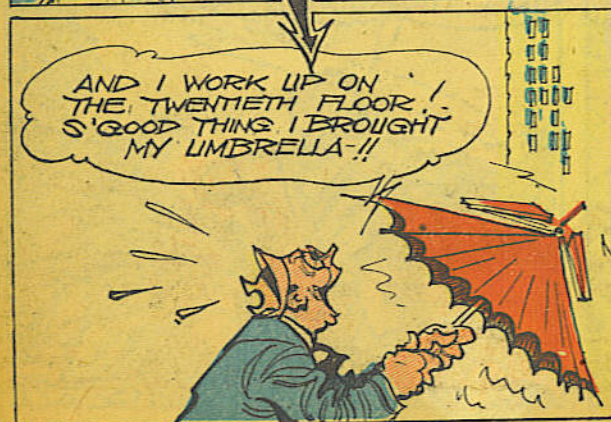


ELEVATOR
OUT OF ORDER
WALK !!

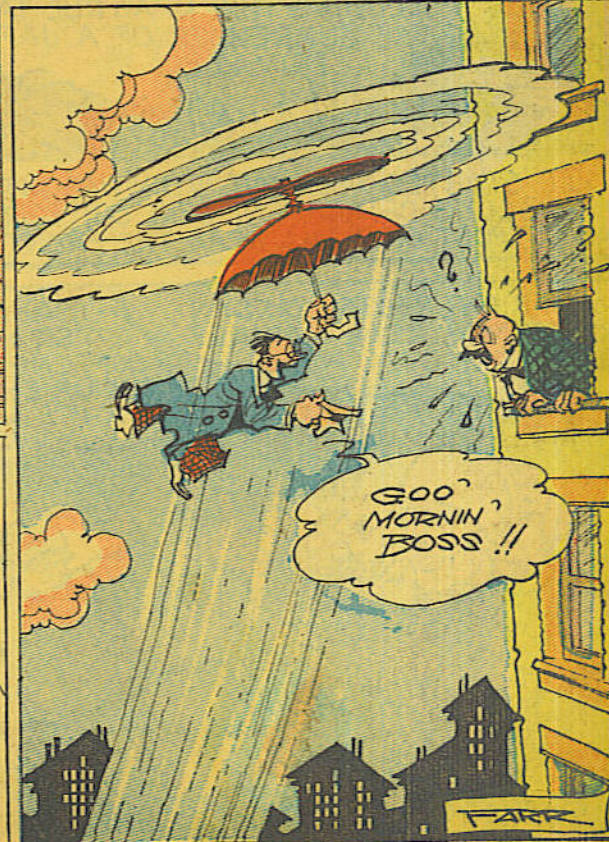
STILL BUSTED
EH - ?



AND I WORK UP ON
THE TWENTIETH FLOOR !
S'GOOD THING I BROUGHT
MY UMBRELLA -!!



GOO'
MORNIN'
BOSS !!



FARR

14 DAYS *Against* JAPS and JUNGLE

ART & CONTINUITY BY CHAS. M. QUINLAN

THIS IS A PICTURIZED ACCOUNT OF THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF P.F.C. WALLACE E. WYNN OF THE U.S. MARINES. HE NOT ONLY OUTFOUGHT AND OUTSMART THE JAPS BUT THE JUNGLE AS WELL WHILE LOST FOR TWO WEEKS BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES ON GUADALCANAL.

FOLLOWING THIS IS A TRUE TALE OF THE SURRENDER OF A JAP.
PRIVATE

IT STARTED WHEN PVT. WYNN WAS WITH A MARINE CORPS DETACHMENT SENT OUT TO RELIEVE AN OUTPOST ON A HILL NEAR THE FRONT LINES.

PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS...

WALLACE E. WYNN



FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WALLACE E. WYNN, U.S.M.C. WAS BORN APR. 22, 1922, IN ATLANTA, GA. HIS PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. GEORGE T. WYNN, RESIDE AT 812 FRANKLIN STREET THOMASVILLE, N.C.

P.F.C. WYNN ENLISTED IN THE MARINE CORPS DEC. 1, 1941 AND RECEIVED HIS "BOOT" TRAINING AT PARRIS ISLAND, S.C. HE RECEIVED HIS P.F.C. RATING APRIL 1942. HE IS NOT MARRIED. HE LIVED WITH HIS PARENTS IN THOMASVILLE UP UNTIL THE TIME HE ENLISTED.

U.S.M.C.

ALL RIGHT, BOOTS, YOU CAN RELAX NOW. REAL MARINES WILL TAKE OVER FROM HERE...

--YEAH! AFTER WE SOFTENED 'EM UP, EH? O.K. IT'S ALL YOURS!



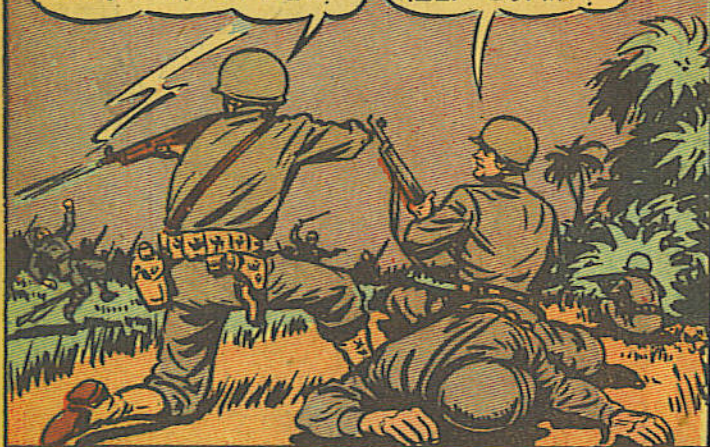
I WASN'T ON POST LONG WHEN SUDDENLY HOLY JUMPIN' JACK RABBITS! JAPS! GANGS OF 'EM COMIN' UP THE HILL! LET'S GO, MEN!—FRONT AND CENTER—HERE THEY COME!



A LARGE PARTY OF JAPS HAD FILTERED THROUGH AND CUT OFF THE OUTPOST...

BOY! WE'RE KNOCKIN' 'EM OFF LIKE FLIES!

YEAH! BUT MORE KEEP COMIN'!



LOOK! SOMEBODY IS SENDING UP FLARES MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME HELP!

NAWI THE MAIN BODY IS TOO FAR AWAY.



NOW THEY'RE COMIN' IN BUNCHES--THEY'RE CLOSIN' IN! IT'LL BE BAYONETS IN A MINUTE! --- MOVE OVER!! I'M COMIN' IN WITH YOU!

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A MACHINE GUN RIGHT NOW!

ME TOO!



THEN THE JAPS SWARMED ALL OVER THE FOXHOLES!



BOYS, WE WERE PLENTY LUCKY TO BE OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT FIRST WAVE.

YOU'RE TELLIN' US!



SHH-- KEEP QUIET! HOLD YOUR FIRE! GOSH, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT!

WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY START MOPPING UP!!



WE SLIPPED OUT OF THE FOXHOLES AND IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES, JAPS SWARMED ALL OVER THE PLACE --- MOPPING UP!

COME ON, FELLOWS! GET DOWN ON YOUR BELLIES AND HIT FOR THE WOODS!



LOOK AT THOSE DIRTY HOGS-- ONE PICKS HIM UP AND THE OTHER GIVES HIM THE KNIFE.

AND THE POOR GUY IS PROBABLY DEAD ALREADY--



KEEP DOWN! THEY'RE HUNTING AROUND FOR SURVIVORS.



STICKING TOGETHER WE SUCCEEDED IN ELUDING THEM IN THE DARK-- BUT LATER, THE MOON CAME UP AND THAT MADE IT TOUGH FOR THREE MARINES. THEY KNEW WE WERE AROUND AND THEY KEPT ON LOOKING FOR US.



LATER THAT NIGHT, A COUPLE OF JAPS PASSED BY-- ONE TOUCHED ME. HE MUMBLED SOMETHING, AND WENT ON. HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.



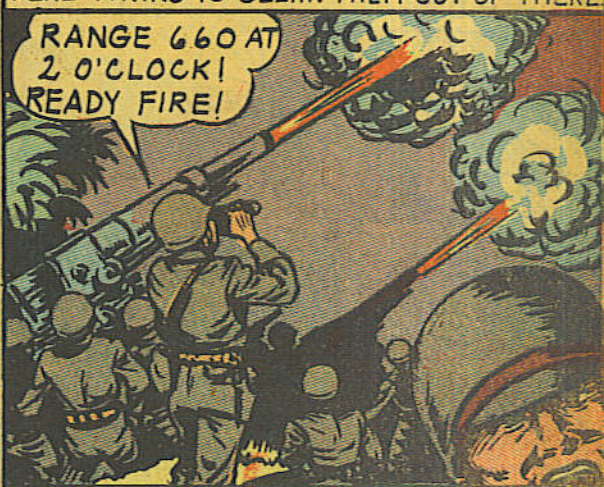
THEN HE STEPPED OVER A LOG TO SEE IF ANY MORE MARINES WERE AROUND--



A LITTLE WHILE AFTERWARDS, SHELLS
BEGAN POPPING ALL AROUND. ALL I COULD
DO WAS LAY STILL SO I WOULDN'T GET HIT!



IT WAS OUR OWN BATTERIES. THEY KNEW
THE JAPS WERE AROUND THE HILL AND
WERE TRYING TO CLEAN THEM OUT OF THERE



THEN CAME THE DAWN —

I CAN'T KEEP MY
HEAD DOWN ANY
LONGER. I GOTTA
LOOK AROUND --
WOW! THERE'S A
COUPLE OF HEADS!



IT WAS MY BUDDIES!

BOY! WHAT A NIGHT!
THESE WOODS ARE
STILL FULL OF JAPS.
WELL, WHERE DO WE
GO FROM HERE?



LOOK! THERE'S A
GANG OF THEM
INSPECTING THE
DEAD - HEY! THERE
IS ONE COMIN' RIGHT
THIS WAY - HE'LL
SEE US! WHAT'LL
WE DO?



YEH! GO AHEAD
AND DON'T MISS!

A MARINE NEVER
MISSES - SEE!
RIGHT BETWEEN HIS
SLANT EYES!

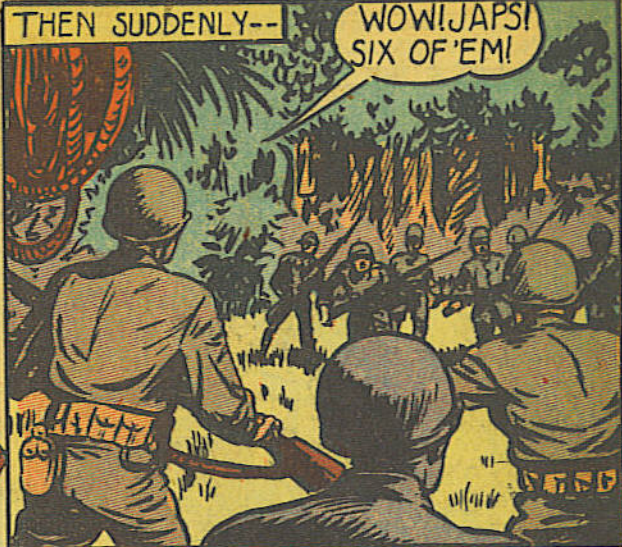


BUT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT BROUGHT THE
REST OF THE JAP PARTY ON THE RUN ---

LET'S GO, BOYS! THIS IS
NO PLACE TO LOITER!

AND
HOW!





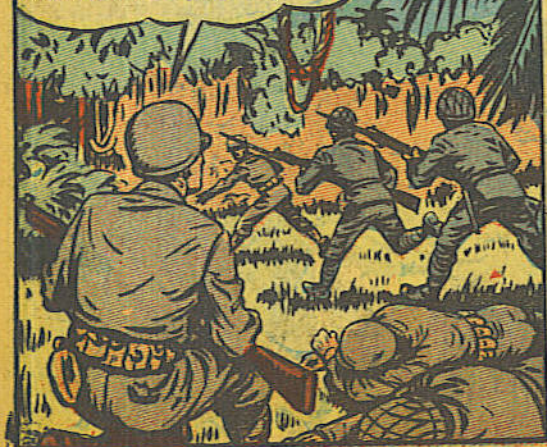
THREE OF THEM RAN, BUT THE OTHERS CAME AT US WITH FIXED BAYONETS.



IT WAS A TOUGH SCRAP BECAUSE WE HAD LEFT OUR PACKS AND BAYONETS BEHIND AT THE OUTPOST.



ONE OF THEM GOT THE KID! - NOW THEY'RE BOTH CHASIN' MAC! AND HE'S UNARMED! RUN! MAC! RUN!!



AS I SHOT ONE OF THEM, THE OTHER DROVE HIS BAYONET INTO MY BUDDIE'S BACK!

THEN AS THE JAP GLOATED OVER HIS VICTIM, I FIRED AND FINISHED HIM, TOO!

TAKE THAT—
YOU DIRTY
MURDERER!



POOR MAC! HE'S DONE FOR!
THEY GOT HIM RIGHT THRU
THE BACK! I'M THE ONLY
ONE LEFT. NOW IT'S ME AND
MY RIFLE AGAINST EVERY
JAP ON GUADALCANAL!



I JUST GOTTA GET
BACK TO OUR LINES
AS QUICK AS I CAN!



---FOR DAYS, I
KEPT WANDERING
AROUND. MY SENSE
OF DIRECTION WAS
ALL TWISTED UP.
AND THE BAYONET
WOUND IN MY CHEST
HURT LIKE BLAZES!



GOOD LORD!
WHEN WILL THIS
NIGHTMARE END!!

THEN AS I STUMBLED OUT OF
THE BRUSH INTO THE CLEARING

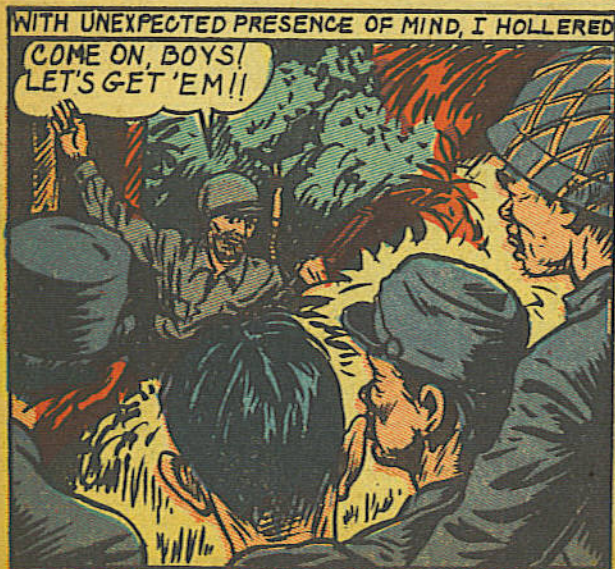


JAPS!

MARINES!

WITH UNEXPECTED PRESENCE OF MIND, I HOLLERED

COME ON, BOYS!
LET'S GET 'EM!!



THE JAPS THOUGHT I WAS WITH A
PATROL. THEY BROKE AND RAN AS I
OPENED FIRE. THEN I RAN AND HOW!...

BOY! WHAT A
BREAK! NOW I'M
GETTING OUT OF
HERE AND FAST!



THEY SOON REALIZED THAT
I HAD PULLED A FAST ONE --
---AND STARTED LOOKING FOR ME--



FROM THEN ON IT
WAS LIKE INDIAN
FIGHTING FROM
TREE TO TREE---

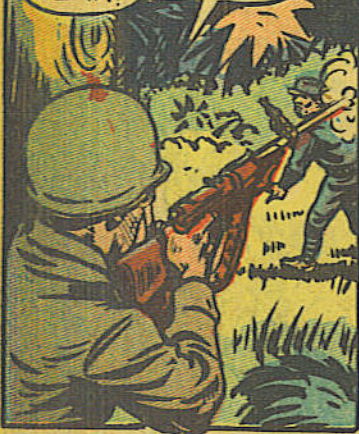
THERE'S ONE
LESS I HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT!



I GUESS I'VE KILLED MOST
OF THEM. OH! THERE'S ONE AND
IF I AIN'T MIGHTY CAREFUL,
HE'LL GET ME! I KNOW WHAT I'LL
DO--I'LL WORK ROUND BEHIND HIM!



AHA! THERE YOU ARE--
MY FRAN!-- NOW JOIN
YOUR ANCESTORS! WOW!
I MUST BE GETTING
WEAK!



I MISSED! THE JAP
SPOTTED ME AND AIMED
HIS PISTOL BUT I HAD A
BEAD ON HIM AND DROPPED
HIM BEFORE HE COULD FIRE!



THEN DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER
NIGHT, I WANDERED AROUND LIKE
A HUNTED ANIMAL-- GOT WEAKER
AND WEAKER FROM LACK OF FOOD,
I GUESS. THEN I SHOT SOME
KIND OF A BIRD AND ATE
IT RAW---

HMM--NOT SO BAD
BUT NOT SO GOOD
EITHER!



IT RAINED EVERY NIGHT
AND I GOT WATER BY
SQUEEZING IT OUT OF THE
PULPY WOOD. I FOUND
SOME CANE THAT TASTED
LIKE CABBAGE --

IT MUST BE O.K. IT DON'T
MAKE ME SICK. BUT
THIS BLASTED GUN WEIGHS
A TON. I WON'T THROW
IT AWAY, THO'. IT
SAVED MY LIFE TOO
OFTEN.



THE WOUND IN MY CHEST WAS
BOOTHERING ME PLENTY. WHEN
I SLEPT I POINTED MY
RIFLE IN THE DIRECTION I
WAS HEADED SO I'D KNOW WHICH
WAY TO GO WHEN I WOKE UP.
--SUDDENLY ONE MORNING--

JAPS! THEY'RE LOOKING
FOR ME--I'LL SHOW 'EM!
NO! WAIT! THEY'RE MARINES
HEY! HELP! HEI PI!



I HAD HIM IN MY SIGHTS, AND
WAS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE
TRIGGER WHEN HE TOOK OFF HIS
HAT AND I SAW HIS BLONDE HAIR--

BOY, YOU'RE
LUCKY YOU
AIN'T A
BRUNETTE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN, CHUM,
BUT I'D SAY YOU
ARE LUCKY THAT
WE FOUND YOU!!



THEY TOOK ME BACK TO OUR
LINES. I HAD BEEN IN THE JUN-
GLE TWO WEEKS AND HAD LOST
50 POUNDS. BUT I STILL HAD
MY RIFLE!!

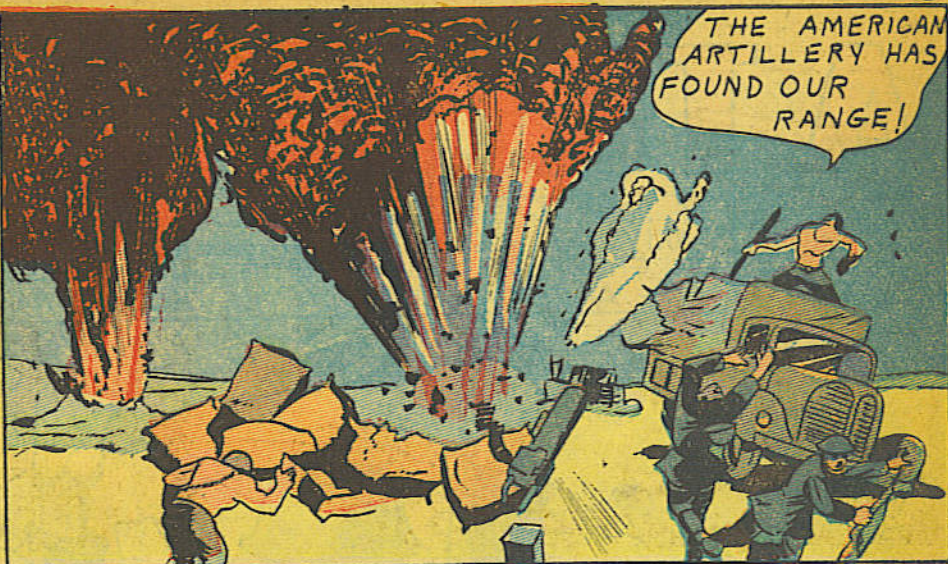
A TRUE STORY

OF HOW 23-YEAR OLD JAPANESE PRIVATE, AKIYOSHI HASAMUTO, LOST HIS NERVE AND LED A GROUP OF SURRENDERING JAP SOLDIERS TO THE AMERICAN LINES IN THE SOLOMONS.



DURING THE BATTLE FOR GUADALCANAL, A SMALL GROUP OF JAPS UNDERWENT A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT. THE MARINES WHO WERE SHELLING THE ENEMY EXPECTED THE MUCH-VAUNTED JAPS TO DIE IN A LAST DITCH FIGHT ----

BUT....



IT MAY BE A TRICK -

CEASE FIRING, CAPTAIN! I THINK THE NIPS HAVE HAD ENOUGH. THEY'RE COMING OUT WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS. KEEP 'EM COVERED!!



THE SORRY-LOOKING CONTINGENT OF JAPS APPROACHES THE MARINE COLONEL

I'M PRIVATE HASAMUTO. WE SURRENDER. WE KNOW WE'RE DISGRACED BUT WE CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST YOU AMERICANS. IN THE LAST 1,000 YEARS, WE JAPANESE HAVE SURRENDERED VERY FEW TIMES.



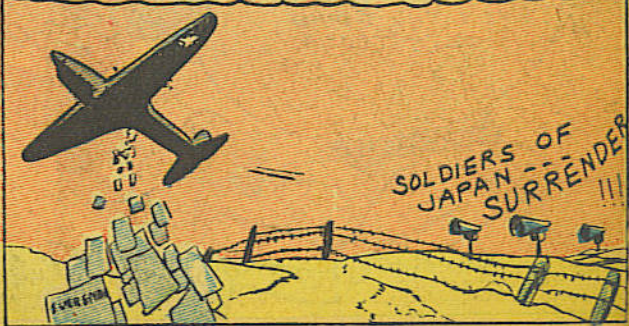
THE JAPANESE ARE GOOD FIGHTERS BUT POOR SOLDIERS. THEIR TACTICS ARE POOR, THEY WASTE MEN.

HARD AS IT IS TO BELIEVE, WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE 22ND REGIMENT - ONE OF JAPAN'S CRACK OUTFITS. WE FOUGHT IN CHINA, BURMA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

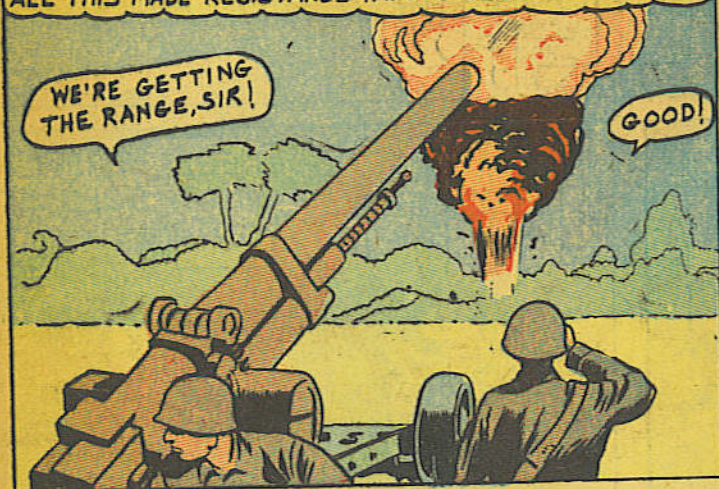


AMERICAN WORDS AS WELL AS BULLETS FINALLY MADE US SURRENDER. FOR SEVERAL DAYS LOUD SPEAKERS BLARED UP OUT OF THE FRONT CALLING ON THE HUNGRY TIRED JAPS TO GIVE UP.

AMERICAN PLANES FLEW BACK AND FORTH ACROSS OUR LINES DROPPING LEAFLETS ADVISING US TO SURRENDER OR FACE DEATH BY STEEL.



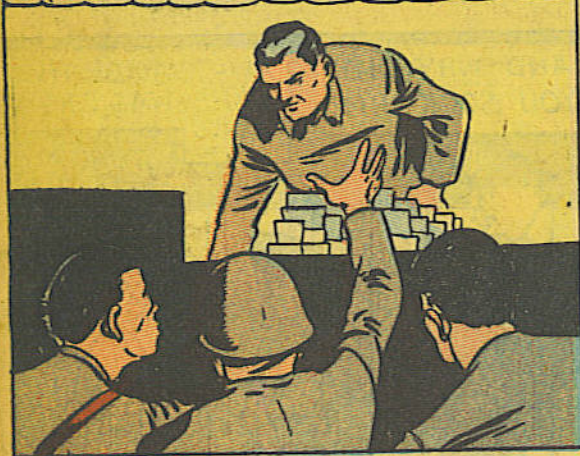
YOUR HEAVY SHELLING, THE LACK OF REINFORCEMENTS WHICH OUR OFFICERS HAD PROMISED, THE SHORTAGE OF FOOD.... ALL THIS MADE RESISTANCE IMPOSSIBLE.



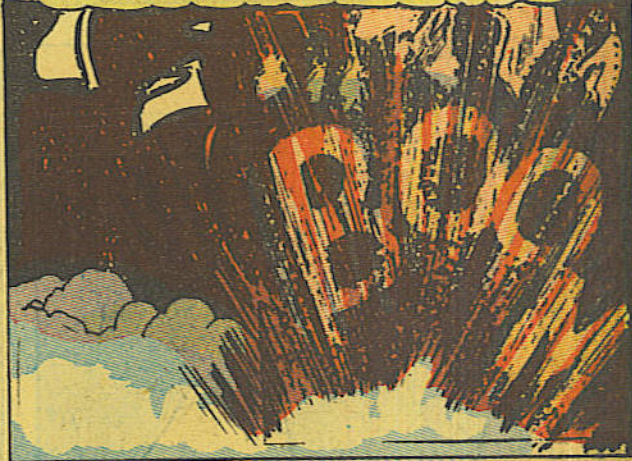
I FELT BEYOND HOPE AND MY FEELINGS AS A SOLDIER OF THE EMPEROR DISAPPEARED... WITH DEATH STARING ME IN THE FACE, I HAD NOTHING TO LOSE BY SURRENDERING.



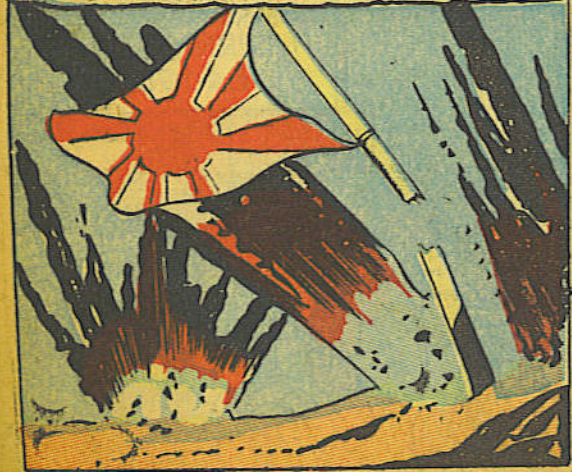
AND WHEN WE HEARD OF ALL THE FOOD AND TOBACCO YOU HAD WE GOT NEW HOPE, WE KNEW THAT YOU WERE GENEROUS TO THE CONQUERED WHILE WE WERE CRUEL TO THE WEAK.



WE WERE TOLD THAT AMERICANS IN GUADALCANAL WOULD BE EASY TO DEFEAT. WE WERE NOT TOLD ABOUT AMERICAN ARTILLERY WHICH KILLED AND WOUNDED SO MANY OF US.



WE COULD DIG OURSELVES INTO THE GROUND AND ESCAPE THE AMERICAN MORTAR FIRE BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM THE ARTILLERY FIRE.



NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A PRISONER OF AMERICANS, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF US?

YOU ARE NOT ONLY BRAVE BUT ALSO KIND AND SPORTSMANLIKE, I WISH THE JAPANESE NATION COULD GET AWAY FROM ROBBING AND KILLING OTHER PEOPLES, I WILL NEVER RETURN TO JAPAN. I AM DISGRACED BECAUSE I SURRENDERED. WHEN YOU WIN THE WAR, I WANT TO LIVE IN AMERICA.

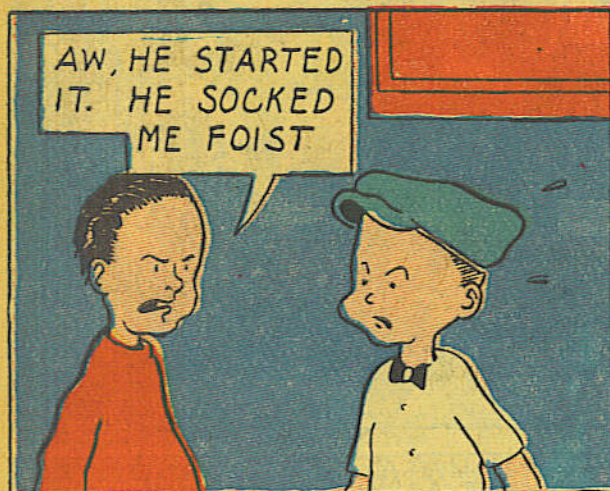
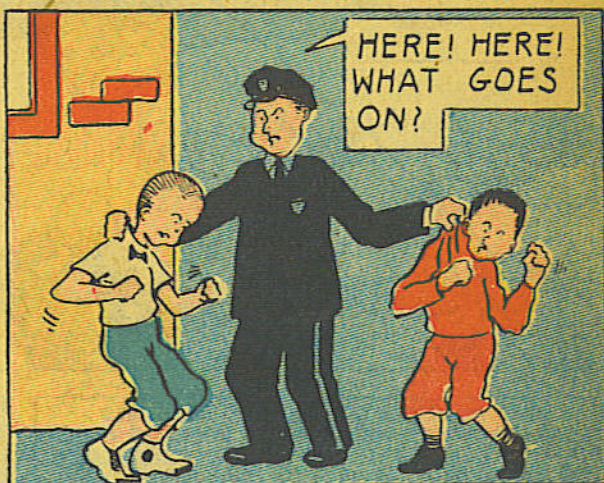
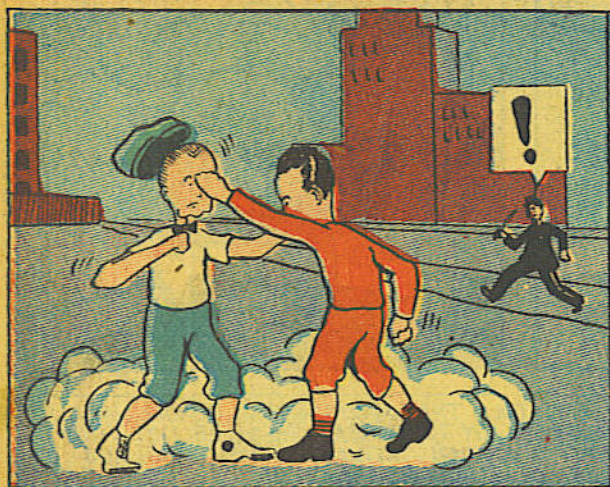




LITTLE

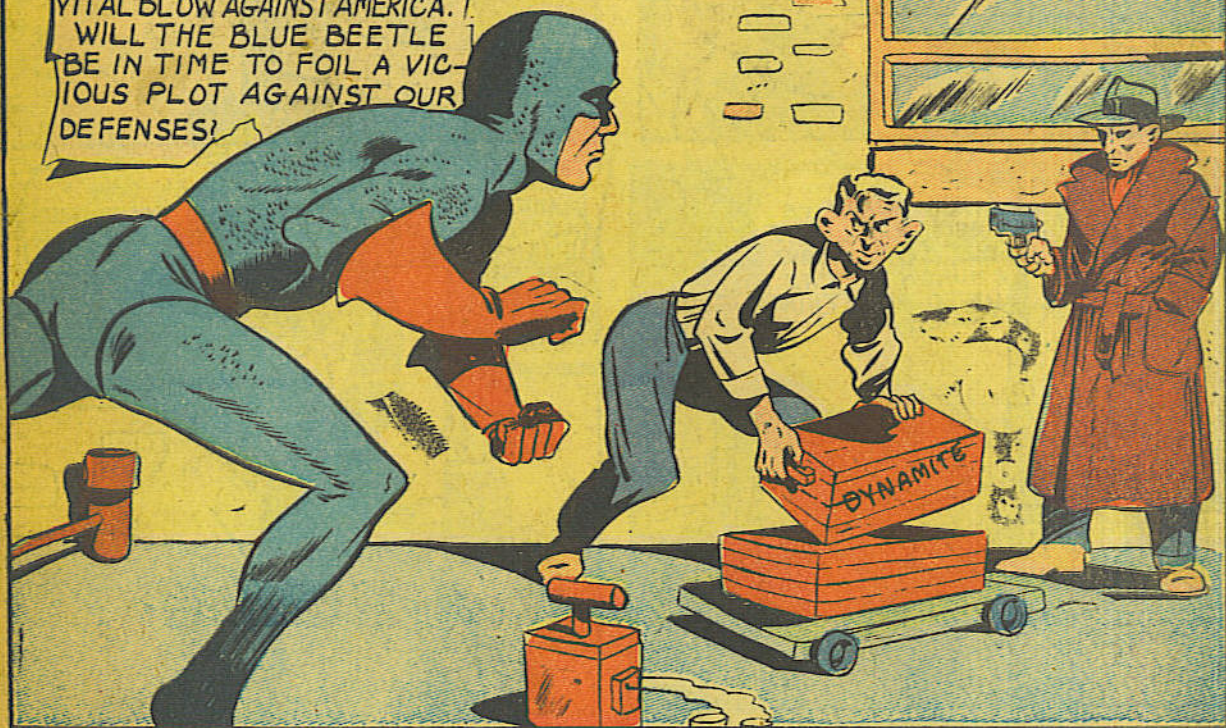
WILLIE

by MEL LAZARUS



THE BLUE BEETLE

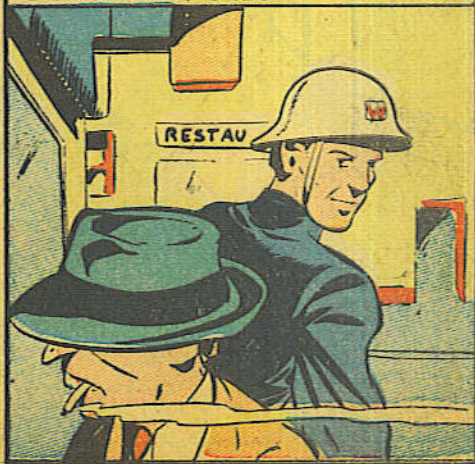
A FAST MOVING TROOP TRAIN- A TRIO OF GERMAN NAZI SABOTEURS LYING IN WAIT READY TO STRIKE A VITAL BLOW AGAINST AMERICA. WILL THE BLUE BEETLE BE IN TIME TO FOIL A VICIOUS PLOT AGAINST OUR DEFENSES?

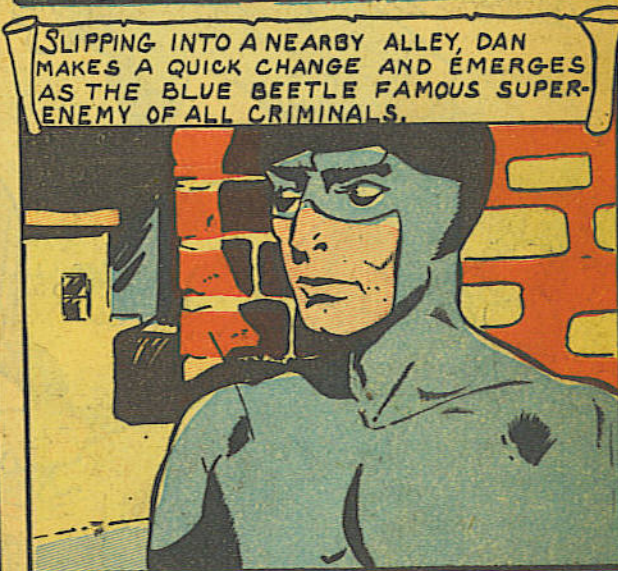
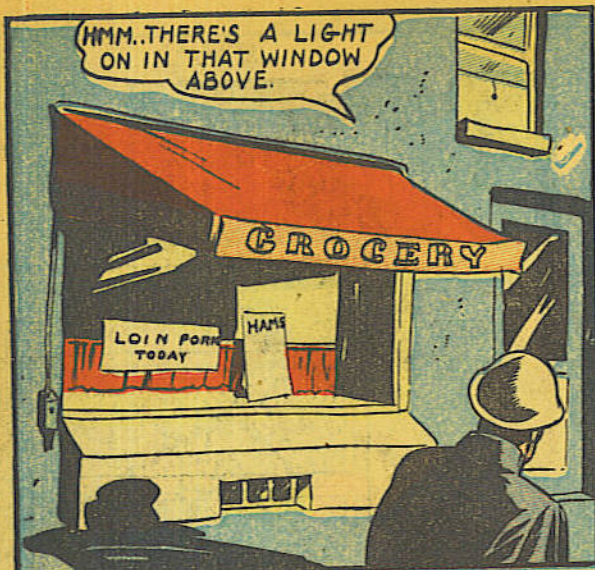


DAN GARRETT IS QUIETLY PATROLLING HIS BEAT WHEN SUDDENLY.....

AN AIR RAID SIREN SPLITS THE AIR - SIGNAL OF A BLACKOUT!

HE PUTS ON HIS HELMET AND STARTS TO ENFORCE THE CITY'S BLACKOUT RULES ---





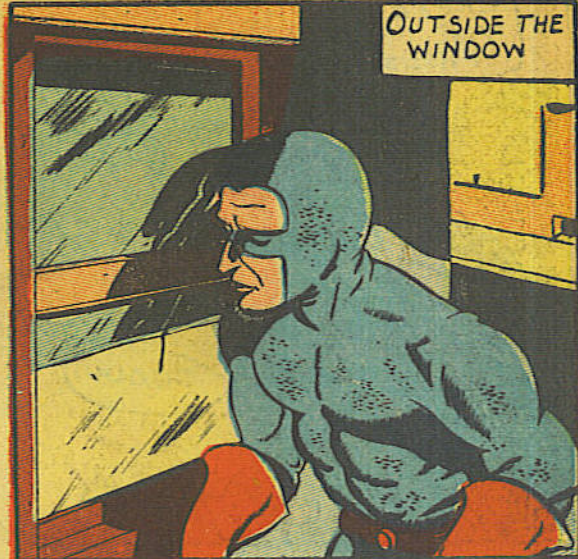
MEANWHILE ABOVE THE GROCERY STORE....

I DON'T LIKE IT, SCHWARTZIE, DAT COP HAD US SPOTTED. HOW CAN WE PULL A JOB WITH THREE STRIKES AGAINST US!

DON'T WORRY, HE DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING



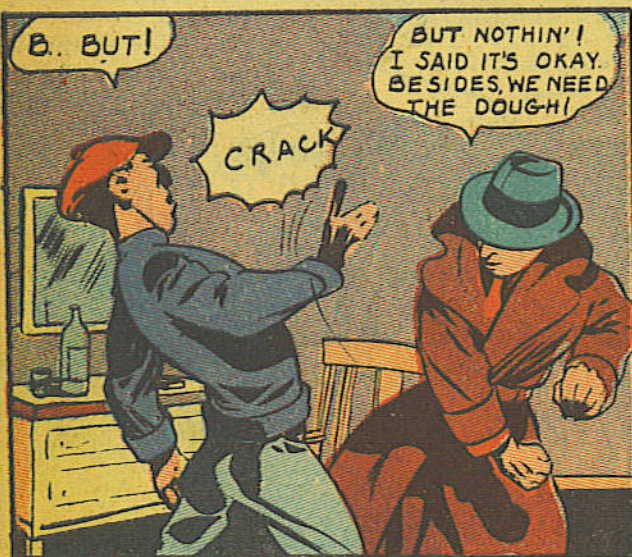
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW



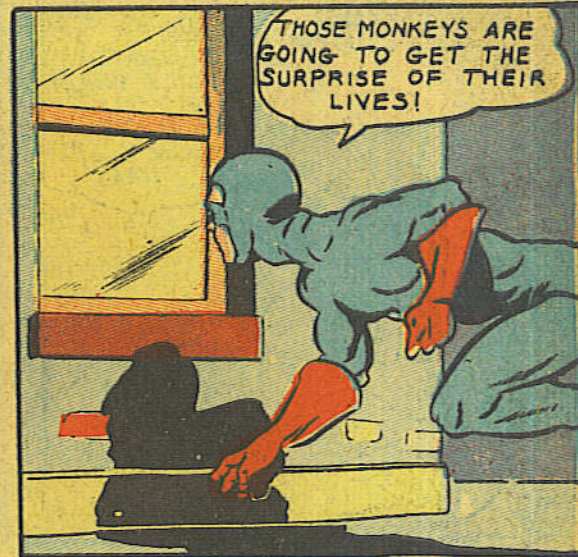
B. BUT!

BUT NOTHIN'! I SAID IT'S OKAY. BESIDES, WE NEED THE DOUGH!

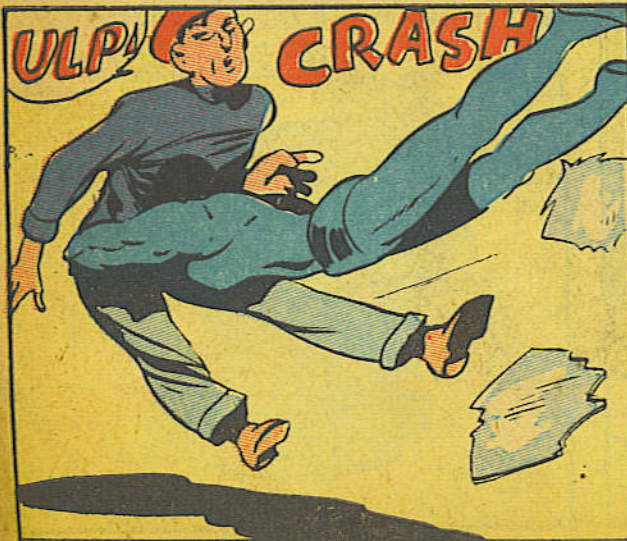
CRACK



THOSE MONKEYS ARE GOING TO GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!



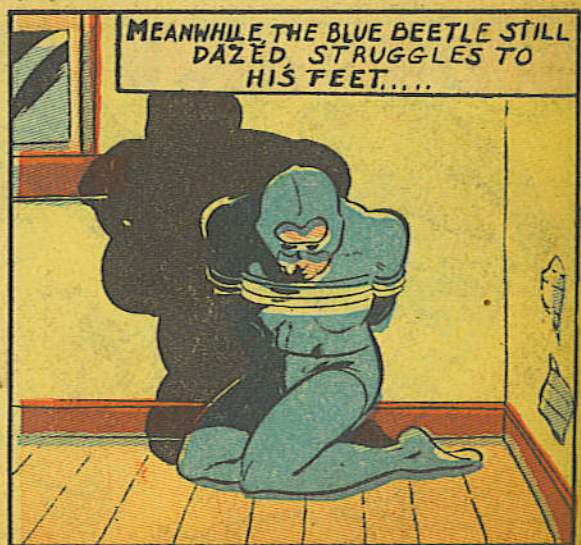
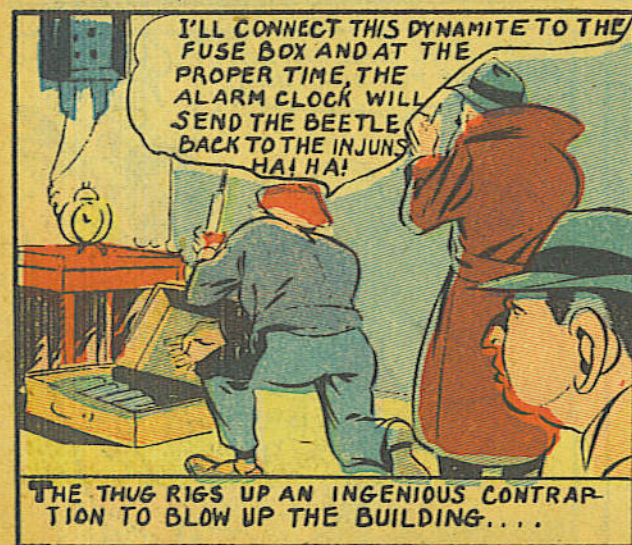
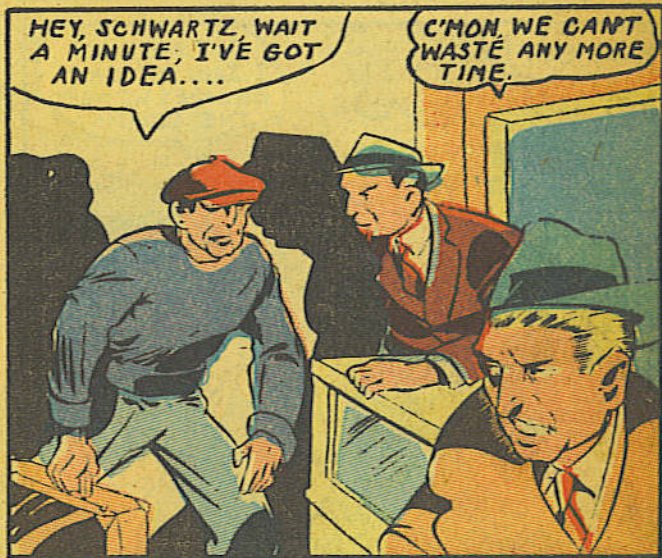
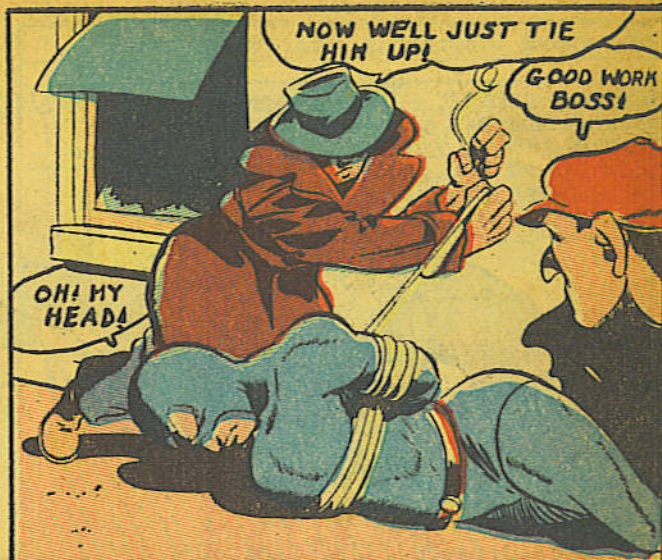
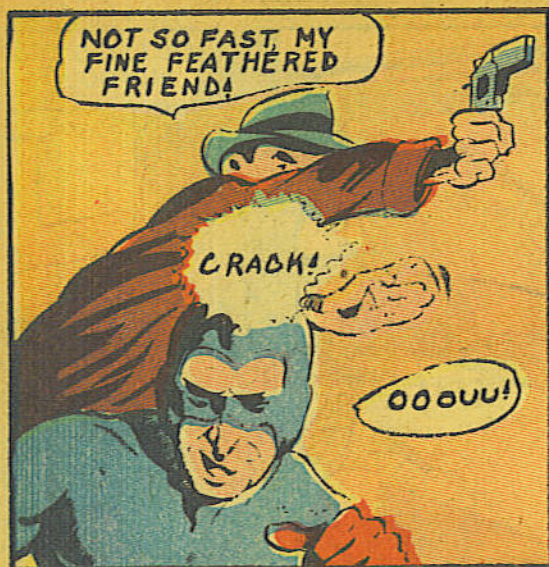
ULP! CRASH



DON'T FEEL SAD, FATZO, HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, TOO!

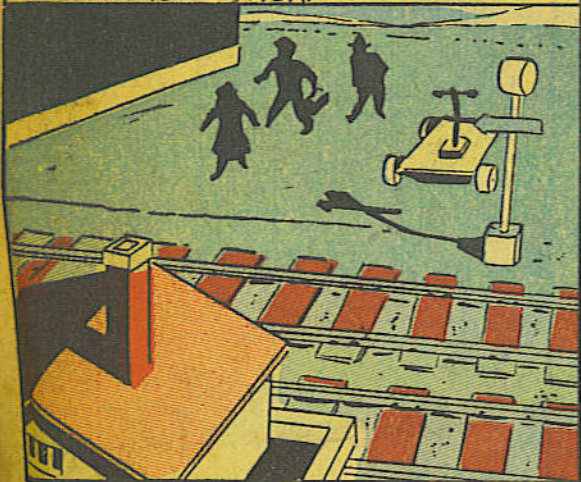
UGH!



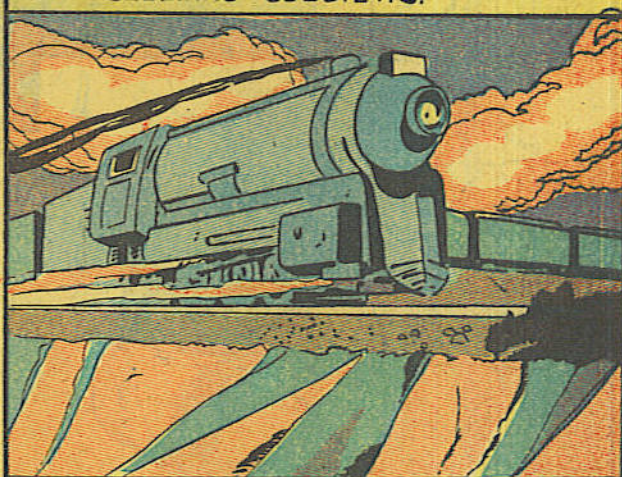


THE THUG RIGS UP AN INGENIOUS CONTRAPTION TO BLOW UP THE BUILDING....

SCHWARTZ AND HIS TRAITORS HAVE GOTTEN TO THE RAILROAD'S SIGNAL AND CONTROL TOWER.



THRU THE NIGHT, A TROOP TRAIN IS SPEEDING TO A PLACE UNKNOWN TO ITS SLEEPING SOLDIERS.



THE SIGNAL TOWER WATCHMAN IS QUICKLY KNOCKED OUT
(YOU GET OFF EARLY TONIGHT, SUCKER!)



O.K. YOU MUGS. LET'S PLANT THE DYNAMITE. MAKE IT SNAPPY!

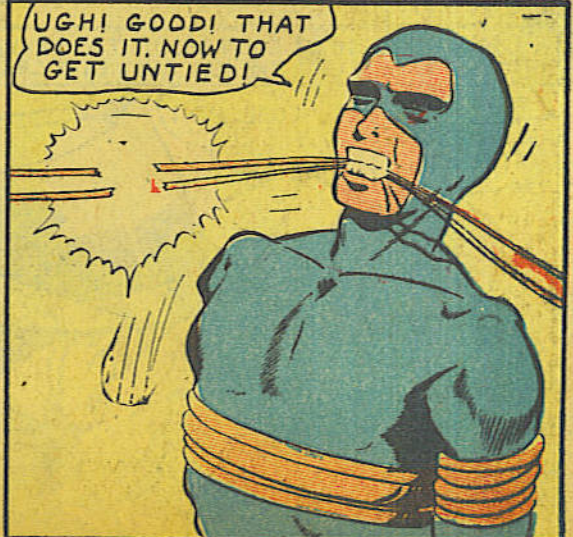


MEANWHILE THE BLUE BEETLE, FORESEEING A FRIGHTFUL END, STAGGERS TO THE DYNAMITE WIRED TO THE FUSE BOX, RIPS OUT THE WIRES WITH HIS TEETH.

IF I DON'T HURRY, I'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS.

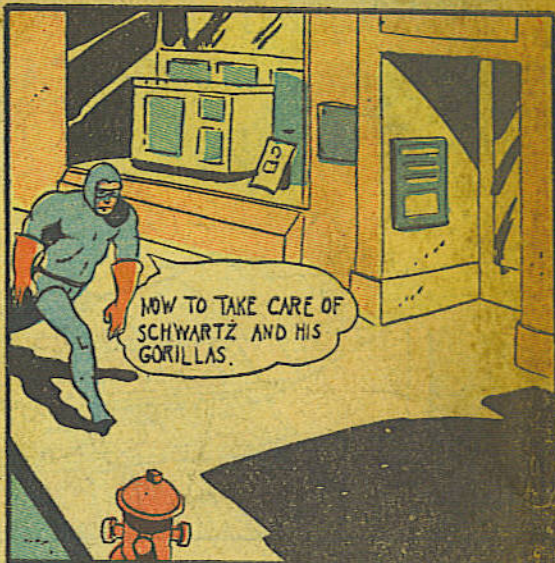


UGH! GOOD! THAT DOES IT. NOW TO GET UNTIED!



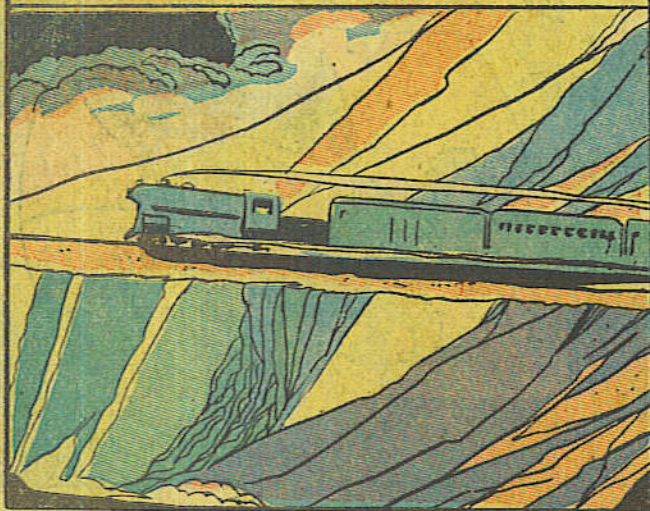
I HOPE THAT NAIL
DOESN'T PULL OUT
BEFORE I GET FREE.

LUCKY I
OVERHEARD
THOSE MONKEYS
SAY THEY WERE
HEADING FOR THAT
WEST SIDE SIGNAL
CONTROL TOWER.



NOW TO TAKE CARE OF
SCHWARTZ AND HIS
GORILLAS.

THE TROOP TRAIN SPEEDS TO APPARENT DISASTER.



THE NAZI RATS HAVE JUST PLANTED THE DYNAMITE

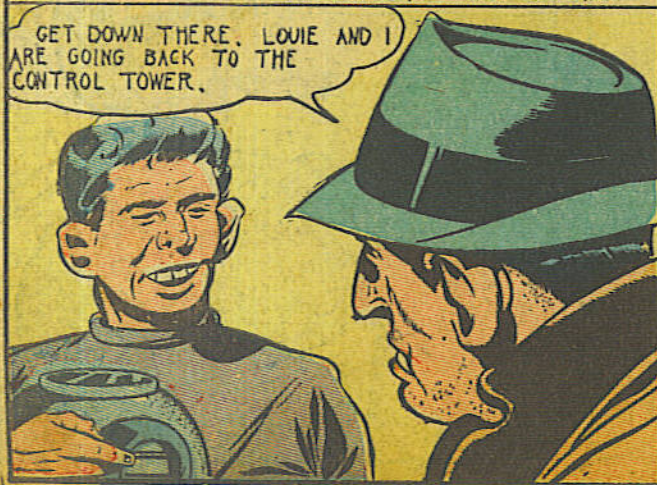
THIS BRIDGE IS NOW
WIRED FOR SOUND*. HA...HA.

THIS IS NO
TIME FOR JOKES.



FATSO PREPARES TO GO DOWN UNDER THE BRIDGE
INTO THE RIVER TO ROB THE MAIL CAR WHEN IT CRASHES.

GET DOWN THERE, LOUIE AND I
ARE GOING BACK TO THE
CONTROL TOWER.



SWITCH TRACKS SO THE TRAIN
WILL GO OVER THE BRIDGE!!

O.K.





Hi Boys!

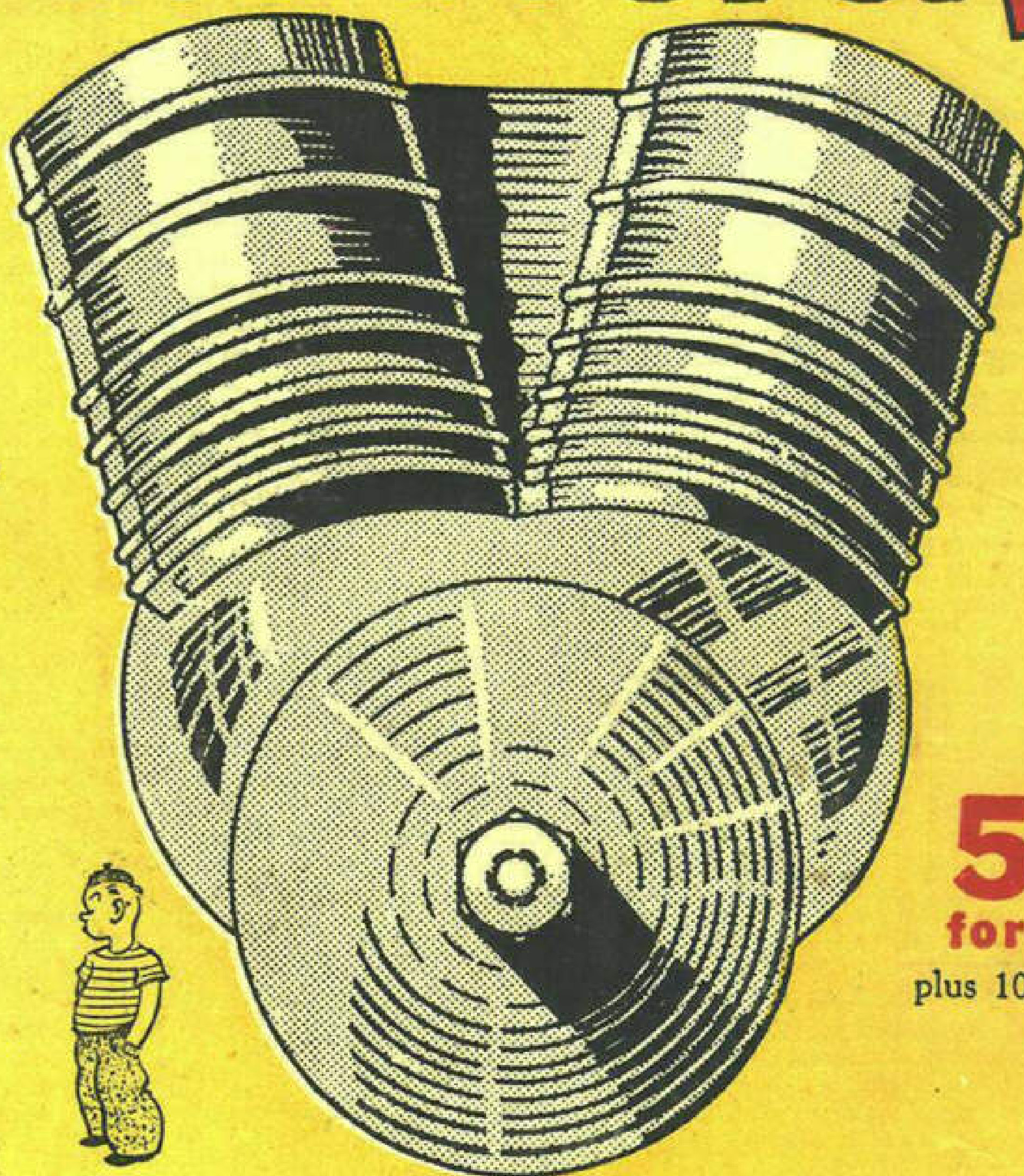
It gives me pleasure to bring you for the first time a little gadget for your bike that produces the roar of a real motor.

Jim Prentice

ANNOUNCING

AMAZING NEW

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50¢
for two
plus 10c mailing.



The idea of a Radio Sound effects man

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